

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,729, Vol. 66.

December 15, 1888.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

LESS reasonable occasions than the present have been frequently taken for the promulgation or suggestion of alarmist ideas as to the disturbance of the peace of Europe. Although the applications for the new Russian Loan have been very much less even in France than might have been expected, considering the amount of money which is now waiting for investment and the vast growth of Stock Exchange gambling with no idea of investment at all, still the loan has been subscribed. The most elaborate assurances have, of course, been given as to the destination of the money, and it would appear that some former creditors of Russia, less venturesome than her new purse-bearers, are likely to cause the devotion of at least a good part of the new loan to an excellent object by claiming their right to be paid off out of it. Still the fact remains that the chief, if not the only probable, disturber of the peace of Europe, a Power which has been notoriously out at elbows for some time past, is and will be for some little time to come in funds. There may be much reasonable hope that the possession of the sinews of war will not too directly lead to the making of war, but there must also be some not wholly unreasonable fear of a contrary event.

The recent bickerings between certain organs of German and Austrian opinion, and the course of events in the Principalities and kingdoms of the Danube, have also done something to cause an anxiety which the almost ostentatious exchange of compliments between the rulers of the two German Empires recognizes in the very fact of endeavouring to allay it. It is, no doubt, quite true that equivocal compliments exchanged between unofficial, or even semi-official, speakers in Vienna and Berlin mean very little. The basis of the Austro-German alliance is the most solid of all bases—a clear, strong, and well-understood community of interest; and it is not a few hard words that will break such foundations up. At the same time, it is undeniable that the recent visit of the Emperor WILLIAM to the Austrian capital brought to the surface a fact well enough known before—the fact that, putting interest aside, there is very little love lost between North and South Germans. This, if not a fatal, is an awkward fact, and it is especially awkward because the most probable or least improbable danger to peace lies in a quarter where Austria's, and not Germany's, interests are directly affected. Now the most galling weapon which is at the disposal of German ill-temper with Austria is the reminder or the insinuation of this very thing. The Pomeranian grenadier is not very likely to have to fight for his own hearth against Russia this moment; and though it is absolutely impossible for any one to foretell what is going to happen in France, there is no ostensible reason why Germany's interests there should compel her to take more active steps than at any time during the last seventeen years. But ill-luck, successful intrigues, and some personal unwisdom on the part of the King of SERBIA, have put matters to the south of the Danube in a much more dangerous condition than they have been in since the Eastern Roumelian insurrection. The actual origin of the time-honoured adage about pinching shoes is said to have referred to a conjugal difficulty, and no one probably but King MILAN can tell whether his late Queen's disobedience, ill-temper, and headstrong ways were absolutely intolerable. But it does not, to speak mildly, appear that his divorce has strengthened his position with those of his subjects who are well disposed, and it seems certain that it has excited those who are not well disposed. The new Serbian demagogic agitation has, moreover, taken a form considerably more dangerous and more difficult to deal with than mere personal attacks on the KING, or even than mere general readiness to do Russia's hests.

The old absurdities of the ethnologists and the history-mongers, which have been found so potent before, and especially ten years ago, have been revived, and a Pan-Servian party howls for the expulsion of Austria from Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and for the formation of a larger Servian kingdom or State, including these districts, Montenegro, and probably other provinces as well. It is, of course, needless to point out that Servia could in no case be strong enough to discharge justly the difficult task of ruling the large Mohammedan population of Bosnia and similarly situated provinces; that the historical and ethnological arguments are the merest madness and moonshine; and that the whole thing is the most transparent of bluffs for carrying on a movement against Austria in the Russian interest. Such arguments have no effect, except on persons who are both reasonable and honest. There are doubtless reasonable persons and there are doubtless honest persons among those who advocate the playing of these fantastic tricks with kingdoms and provinces. But, with the rarest exceptions, the reasonable people are not honest, and the honest people are not reasonable.

There are other causes of disquiet in the Balkan Peninsula from the still unsettled Bulgarian difficulty downwards. But it is not necessary to bestow much detailed attention upon them here or to recur, except in passing, to the curious outbreak of Russian ill-temper with England which was noticed last week. That outbreak has found a few excuses in rather unexpected quarters, but it has been pretty generally recognized that, if Russia can see any wrong done to herself by the opening up to the trade of all nations, not of one only, of a river communicating with one of the great trade highways of the world, and passing through territory at a great distance from her own, and over which she has no sort of rights, she must be left to become reasonable again as best she can. Some very sensible Russians themselves have suggested that, instead of grumbling at the English for opening the Karun to commerce, Russia had better make use of it for that purpose herself. The advice is excellent, though, as the principal exports of Russia on seas anywhere near the Persian Gulf are believed to be chiefly limited to convicts on their way to Saghalien and Siberia, it is not immediately clear how it is to be carried out. But that is no affair of England's, which has no desires or intentions of monopoly in the matter. Nor would it seem to be the desire of really important Russian authorities to pick a quarrel with Great Britain on any such absurd pretext. It is to Europe, therefore, that we must rather look, at any rate for the moment, and no one can look long without perceiving how exceedingly important it is that Germany's hands should be strengthened in every reasonable way for discharging that office of peace-keeper for which no other Continental Power possesses at once the like ability and the like interest. We have often before, and recently in particular, pointed out what madness it would be for France to let herself be beguiled by Russia into aggressive movements. But French affairs are in such a staggering state that no one can tell in what direction they may take a plunge, if some sudden impulse is given, and it is equally impossible to say whether the CZAR could resist the temptation of an alliance in which, as has been frequently shown, the hope of gain would be mainly his, and the fear of loss mainly his ally's. It may be doubted whether anything stands in reality between Europe and a European war, except the redoubted and, for the moment, peace-desiring strength of Germany; and if serious disorders were to arise in the Balkan peninsula, the whole peaceable exertion of that strength would be required in order to avoid a general overturn. That such a general overturn might be by no means wholly disastrous to an England prepared to play the great game boldly and warily is very true. But it may be left to any Englishman to

say whether he thinks his country is so prepared. The general tenor of debates in Parliament does not look much like it; the tone of comment in the most diverse quarters on such matters as are of principal concern just now does not look like it; and the extraordinary attempt to make one man do the work of a dozen, and to escape the onus and risk of sending one English battalion only to Souakin by incurring the risk and blame of leaving half a battalion only at Cairo, does not look like it. Therefore, it may be supposed that we are not anxious to fish in troubled waters just now, and that being the case, the most sensible, if not the most glorious, policy is to keep on good terms with the man who has most power to trouble or still the waters as he chooses.

MR. GOSCHEN AT BIRMINGHAM.

IF there be any citizen of Birmingham who can rise above the small personal controversies of current politics and survey the great issues of national policy as a whole, he ought to be very keenly, if not resentfully, conscious, quite apart from any party prepossessions, of the difference between Mr. GLADSTONE's and Mr. GOSCHEN's appeals to him. When the other night the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER briefly recapitulated the main topics of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech at the Bingley Hall demonstration, and then proceeded to give his own able and comprehensive exposition of public affairs and of the Ministerial dealings with them, we should imagine that even a Gladstonian must have felt that Mr. GOSCHEN's oratorical methods are the more respectful to the great Midland town which boasts itself the headquarters of political Liberalism. Even supposing such a listener to hold the true Gladstonian faith as to the riot at Mitchelstown, the death of Mr. MANDEVILLE, or the inquiry into the shooting of KINSELLA, he might yet feel a little aggrieved at the assumption that a re-hash of these cold controversial baked-meats was good enough to furnish forth the Birmingham board. After all, he may have asked himself, what if Mr. GLADSTONE's account of these matters is the correct and that of the Government the incorrect one? Are we seriously expected to draw therefrom the conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy is the wise and just policy, and that of his opponents the foolish and the unjust one? If we are not expected to draw this inference, what a waste of our valuable time to spend hours in rehearsing these old disputes, and never to get to business—the business of Home Rule *versus* Separation—at all! If we are expected to draw that inference—if Mr. GLADSTONE really thinks that, once he can convince Birmingham of the misbehaviour of the Irish Constabulary at Mitchelstown, of the inhumanity of the officials of an Irish prison, or of the failure of justice which occurred at the “sort of a trial” held in the KINSELLA case, we shall straightway confess that an Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive ought to be established in Dublin—then what an insult to the intelligence of our great centre, what an affront to the political capacity of “the head-quarters of provincial Liberalism”! It is surely not improbable that reflections of this sort should have found their way into a good many Gladstonian minds. The fact that Mr. GLADSTONE is apparently unconscious of suggesting them proves nothing. His association with Parnellism has entirely demoralized his sense of political proportion. By dint of perpetually handling these rag-dolls of Nationalist fiction with which his new allies supply him, by dint of dressing them up for rhetorical presentation to audiences, and bolstering them up for reproduction in Parliament after Mr. BALFOUR has knocked the stuffing out of them, Mr. GLADSTONE has got to believe, not only in their reality, not only in their importance, but actually in their exclusive relevance to the controversy as to the proper mode of governing Ireland. He has persuaded himself that the reversal of a national policy of ninety years' standing, and the severance of the United Kingdom into two mutually repellent fragments, is really and truly a mere corollary to the question of “Mr. O'BRIEN's breeches.”

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER very properly credited his Birmingham audience with a less childish conception of national policy than this. They cannot complain of him, at any rate, that he lingers unduly long over the wretched wrangles which beset, or rather which *are*, the Irish Question, in the apparent view of the Gladstonian party. Mr. GOSCHEN paid his hearers and the larger public whom he addressed the compliment of assuming that they would judge the present Government, not upon any petty issues

of minor Executive policy, but upon their general claim to have adequately responded to the wishes of the nation in domestic matters, and to have worthily represented it in foreign affairs. And the manner in which the claim was set forth was undoubtedly very effective. On finance—the most successful chapter of Ministerial policy—and on Local Government legislation the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had an excellent story to tell, and he told it in a manner particularly calculated to impress it on the minds of a large popular audience. Probably the mere money value of the Local Government Bill to the provincial ratepayer has never been so aptly brought home to him as it was by the little piece of local statistics which Mr. GOSCHEN had had prepared for him for the special edification of the people of Birmingham. His reference to his own great financial *coup* and to the recent “fall in Goschens” gave opportune occasion for an exposure of a very characteristic stroke of Gladstonian tactics—the endeavour to make use of the decline in the new Consols—a decline wholly due to stringency in the money market—to discredit the success of the Conversion scheme. Even the Wheel-tax Mr. GOSCHEN dealt with in the same spirit of confidence that ran through the rest of his speech; and, without entering into the merits of that particular proposal, we must admit that his remarks upon the effect of “agitation,” in its modern development, upon our fiscal policy are well worthy of serious attention. His humorously-imagined forecast of the result which would have followed from his attempting to tax mural advertisements—namely, that it would have led to an agitation on the part of the bill-stickers and the “associated trade” of brushmaker which would have culminated in a procession, headed by a few members of Parliament who had been assured by the bill-stickers in their constituencies that, if a tax was put upon these advertisements, “it would mean the ruin of the country and the degradation of English commerce”—this bright and lively burlesque of one of the “movements” which Chancellors of the Exchequer have nowadays to meet is hardly an exaggeration of actual experience; while the gravity of the consequences to which the growing frequency of such movements must lead is hardly possible to exaggerate. Mr. GOSCHEN certainly did not do so in saying that, “if agitation is always to be allowed to warp the judgment upon the imposition of every new tax, you will ultimately be reduced to this—that, when you want money for the public Exchequer, you will have recourse only to the Income-tax, and when you want money for local purposes, you will have recourse only to the ratepayer.” Mr. GOSCHEN, however, if he has not succeeded in “broadening the sources of revenue” by the introduction of a Wheel-tax, is yet fully entitled to boast that he has done more in the direction of thus enlarging the area of taxation than has been done by any Chancellor of the Exchequer of late years. His description of the operator in foreign or American stocks who returns from his dealings in taxed securities during the day to drink his taxed champagne at dinner, and to work off its effects by a gallop on a taxed “pleasure-horse” the next morning, recalls a passage from the writings of SYDNEY SMITH, of which one is always glad to be reminded, but it was a good party hit into the bargain. Whatever else we may think of the merits of the particular provisions referred to in Mr. GOSCHEN's financial arrangements for 1888-9, they at least afford a conclusive answer to the charge against him of having framed a rich man's Budget.

We have reserved to the last one of the most notable passages of Mr. GOSCHEN's speech because we desire to fix public attention on a matter of which little has been heard hitherto, but much will have to be said hereafter. Speaking of the “fearful waste of time of the House” and its causes, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER remarked that “one of the great difficulties was the absence of responsible leadership at the present time on the part of the Opposition.” He went on to point out that Mr. GLADSTONE's own views as to the delay of public business are founded rather upon theory than on actual experience, because circumstances have prevented his giving that continuous presence in the House which might have ensured the guidance of the Opposition at least by an experienced hand, and in his absence, when there was any leadership at all, it fell into the hands of a “roystering boisterous soldier of fortune.” This situation, which would be dangerous at any time, is doubly so at a period when an alliance has been formed between the regular Opposition and certain men “whose former duty it was, or who considered it formerly at least to be their duty, to prove the

"incompetence of Parliament." In almost every word of this we can concur; as to the fact, indeed, we agree entirely; it is only on the question of the assignment of responsibility that we differ. The tactics of the "roystering boisterous soldier of fortune" are, indeed, notorious, and no description can exaggerate the resolute malice of his manoeuvres. But Mr. GOSCHEN is certainly mistaken in thinking—or, at any rate, overstrains courtesy in assuming—that these are only the ill-regulated evolutions of dashing lieutenants, and that the commander-in-chief is not responsible for them. Mr. GLADSTONE has not been very often to the House, but he has been just often enough to set the ball of obstruction rolling. From the opposition to the Land Purchase Bill down to the envenomed debates on the Irish Constabulary Vote, it will have been observed by any one who has studied the proceedings of the House of Commons that this has been uniformly the case.

THE COST OF INDEPENDENCE.

WE deal elsewhere with the general and especially with the domestic aspect of Mr. GOSCHEN's speech at Birmingham. But there is one special part of it which is worth special attention. It may be supposed that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is already taking account of next year's Ways and Means, and that, more particularly, he is ascertaining what money may be wanted for naval and military service. And if we may judge from what he said on that subject at Birmingham, he thinks it not too soon to prepare the country for a bolder scheme of expenditure for the navy, if not for the army also. Or if, contrary to general belief, no extraordinary expenditure has been decided on, then, at any rate, we have here a Chancellor of the Exchequer coming forward to proclaim his belief that the prosperity of the Empire, the well-being of its populations, the safety of its trade if not of its territory, demand that more money should be spent to make the navy strong. That we must take to be the purpose of the very impressive portion of Mr. GOSCHEN's speech which came last. It may be suspected that, in resolving to reduce the interest on Consols, Mr. GOSCHEN took account of the very considerations which he advanced on Wednesday evening. No Jingo, no Alarmist, but by nature and training a man of business and calculation, he foresaw that a time was at hand when—as he now intimates—new sacrifices must be made to sustain and carry forward the prosperity of the Empire; and it need not be said that to reduce the national expenses in one way is a means of providing for outlay in others. Mr. GOSCHEN would not say, probably, that any considerable sacrifices are needed at once; nor do we suppose that these remarks of his are a prelude to the publication of any great scheme of defence-expenditure. But in good time, though not an hour too soon, he does proclaim that new conditions have arisen to compel us to greater sacrifices for safety's sake. The enormously increased cost of war material has to be reckoned with, as well as the fact that there are now half a dozen foreign navies afloat, where before there was only one worth thinking of. Every year we have to depend more largely for food on ship-borne foreign supplies. "And then" (here we quote from Mr. GOSCHEN's speech) "there is a new symptom, which you may watch in every direction: we are getting more and more neighbours, closer neighbours, with all our possessions beyond sea. We may attempt to withdraw ourselves from European complications—and more and more, perhaps, the policy has been followed of withdrawing ourselves from European complications. But we now find Europe in Asia and Africa; and in whatever direction our commerce expands or our liabilities increase, in those directions we find rivals (I hope not opponents) whom we had not seen before. . . . We have no wall of sea encircling our vast possessions in different parts of the world, and in those directions it be-hoves us to be on our guard; and for these new dangers, for these increasing anxieties, it is necessary that such sacrifices should be made as the new circumstances may call for."

Coming from Mr. GOSCHEN, a cautious man of commerce, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and "calm-minded" enough to satisfy the requirements of Mr. MORLEY himself in that particular, these expositions and these warnings are most impressive; and all the more impressive are they likely to prove because the speaker is no Lord RANDOLPH, to forget while addressing a public audience that he is a Cabinet Minister and answerable to his colleagues. For other

reasons also we may hope that Mr. GOSCHEN's speech will have its full effect on the public mind; which would be far less torpid than it seems to be if it were more often addressed in like manner by men of similar authority. We who call ourselves "publicists" may write of such high matters with knowledge enough, and with no deficiency of earnestness and iteration; but the public—(small blame to it)—stands off in doubt till the men who know all and are responsible for all speak out. That is the explanation of what these very men complain of sometimes as "the apathy of the public." A little more speaking out, and much less apathy; of that we are persuaded. The nation is sound. Whatever else may have gone wrong, neither the courage, nor the patriotism, nor the common-sense of the English people has suffered any decline. The pessimist may be pardoned much, for he is much in the right of it, looking at affairs as they actually are. But, supposing him to be an Englishman, his pulses can have no communication with the pulses of his fellow-countrymen if he does not know that it is as sound a people at this hour as it has ever been since the great days of ELIZABETH. But of course it must be taught and led. It must not be left to wander in the darkness of ignorance or even in the twilight of doubt. Do our rulers fancy that, under the circumstances, the courage of the country should be manifested? Let them call upon it a little. Do they doubt its patriotism? Let them remember that the patriotism that goes swaggering about the streets without invitation is not a natural product of Great Britain; that the sort it does produce waits till it is called upon, and that it has never yet been known to answer sluggishly. Do they despair of its common-sense? Let them instruct it, as Mr. GOSCHEN does; and do so without fear that the lesson may be thrown away because of some lack of the old spirit of self-sacrifice. That we more particularly insist upon for a reason supplied by Mr. GOSCHEN himself. He declares himself deeply anxious lest the demagogue should have too great a hold upon an all-powerful democracy, and so sway its decisions this way and that; the democracy being forgetful or regardless of the fact that fixed ideas on foreign and colonial policy are necessary to the welfare and perhaps to the very existence of the Empire. But to us it seems that this anxiety will not become quite reasonable till the people show themselves deaf to the voice of an authority beyond that of the demagogue. So far they have done nothing of the kind. In these matters, at any rate, they are ready to learn of the best and to be taught by the highest; and if the best and the highest do not choose to open their mouths and deliver forth plain speech, who is to blame for that?

Of course we may be disappointed, but we fancy that the response to Mr. GOSCHEN's speech, the sensible effect of it, will justify these remarks; which we may hope for all the more because his admonitions are keenly pointed by the circumstances of the time. The Anglo-Russian complications in Persia, the Anglo-German troubles in Africa, will carry them home to every Englishman who is concerned with the trade prosperity of these islands. And, in view of such complications and troubles, who will take it upon himself to deny that, if we are to keep free of "entangling alliances," if we are to stand out of all arrangements for mutual support, we should be strong enough to take care of ourselves? Evidently Mr. GOSCHEN means that we should be strong enough. That is his way of settling the question, which undoubtedly has to be settled one way or the other if we propose to go on in peace and quietness.

TAFFY AS A WILL-MAKER.

THE extraordinary story told in the Probate Court last Saturday, and the general remarks made by Mr. Justice BUTT at the end of the evidence, must have been read with interest in "gallant little Wales." With certain definite and well-understood exceptions the Welsh are a law-abiding people, and seldom appear before a "red judge." It would be an exaggerated and unfair thing to say that Taffy generically is now a thief, whatever Taffy specifically may once have been. Still, he occasionally follows the example of AUTOLYCUS, and he seems inclined to believe that, if a man does not make a will for himself, somebody else ought to make it for him. The case of WILLIAMS v. MAINWARING has been judicially consigned to that particular form of oblivion known in the trade as submission to the Director of Public Prosecutions. But before the grave closes over it in the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury,

the public may be interested, and perhaps amused, to learn how testamentary arrangements are sometimes made in the Principality. The verdict of the jury, who found the alleged will of WILLIAM MAINWARING to be a forgery, and the unblushing effrontery with which the authors of the instrument described their handiwork, relieves the narrator of the transaction from the irksome necessity of qualifications, reserves, and other devices of the literary hedger. WILLIAM MAINWARING, of Penlle Estyll, near Swansea, died intestate in the autumn of 1885. Before his death he expressed a desire to dispose of his property, and on the last Sunday of his life, in particular, begged that a solicitor might be sent for. His wife and daughters objected, on the curious ground that the house was not tidy enough, and on Tuesday night Mr. MAINWARING expired. Mrs. MAINWARING thus succeeded in her object, which was plainly to prevent her husband from making a will. About a fortnight after his father's death, PHILIP MAINWARING met a checkweigher named DAVIES, who asked him about the affairs of the family, when the worthy PHILIP commented with some freedom upon the conduct of his female relatives. DAVIES, who must be a man of resources, or at least of resource, suggested a more excellent way out of the difficulty than that method of relief for vexation which is vulgarly called "swearing at large." DAVIES pointed out that the economic law of supply and demand might be applied to wills as well as to anything else, and that if there was no old testament there might soon be a new one. Mr. DAVIES's theory was speedily translated into practice. Furnished with ten of Mr. MAINWARING's genuine signatures, he proceeded to make a number of copies, from which PHILIP picked out the one which most vividly recalled to him the writing of his beloved and revered father.

PHILIP, however, like Lord CLIVE, practised great moderation. He would not accept from the virtuous checkweigher, who seems to be a singularly disinterested person, the suggestion that he should leave everything to himself. On the contrary, he bequeathed fourteen leasehold houses to his mamma, satisfied DAVIES with the modest remuneration of twenty pounds, and contented himself with the remainder of the inheritance, thus inflicting a righteous punishment upon his unworthy sisters. The witnesses to this document were JOHN DAVIES and his brother. The attestation of JOHN DAVIES had the effect of invalidating his legacy; but even Welsh checkweighers cannot know everything. The other DAVIES had not even the illusory hope of an impossible bequest to stimulate his natural taste for forgery and obliging his friends. When Mrs. MAINWARING was shown the will she entirely refused to accept it as genuine. DAVIES, with an assurance which should lead him to an elevated situation of one kind or another, applied for probate, propounded the will, and swore in an affidavit that he had seen the testator sign his name in the proper place. In November 1886 a compromise was effected, under which DAVIES kindly agreed to take the reduced sum of fifteen pounds as compensation for "trouble and annoyance," while PHILIP took horses, carts, and money, leaving the residue to Mrs. MAINWARING. A lamer conclusion of an enterprising swindle has seldom, if ever, been known. But, as the Greek tragedian reminds us, we must look to the end, and this was not the end of "Mr. MAINWARING's will." Mrs. MAINWARING herself made a will in favour of her eldest daughter, and this did not suit PHILIP's elastic, but not altogether indefinite or unintelligible, code of morals. Meanwhile he had occupied one of the houses taken by his mother under the compromise; she gave him notice to quit; he refused to go; and there was a summons before a magistrate, which resulted in his being convicted of wilful damage. The MAINWARINGS being on these agreeable terms, PHILIP went with JOHN DAVIES to a solicitor, and confessed the forgery. Ugly rumours began to spread, and Mr. MAINWARING's younger daughters moved to revoke the letters of administration. Then Mrs. MAINWARING, with that delightful freedom from pedantic consistency which indicates the essential superiority of the feminine mind, declared that the will was genuine, and that she had only doubted it before because she thought DAVIES an odd person for her husband to have employed. This was not quite good enough for an English jury, especially as Mrs. MAINWARING's own witnesses explained, with exemplary candour, that they had forged the will which she said was Mr. MAINWARING's. The younger daughters have now established their right to a share of their father's estate—or what is left of it—and the Principality remains possessed of some very queer inhabitants.

THE ART CONGRESS.

THE results of the Liverpool Art Congress—the first of the kind, we believe, of which the Historic Muse has cognizance—are unimpressive. This, of course, is no worse than was expected. A scientific gathering is all plain sailing; for science is positive, and when a number of men and women meet to debate of scientific possibilities and formulate scientific results, they meet for the consideration of certain material, whose value and extent are mathematically demonstrable. But art is an indeterminate quantity, and from a discussion of art the most that can be looked for is either a conflict of opinions or an examination of material interests. There was no hope at Liverpool of the second of these things—the race of artists being still a mere congeries of individualities; a body of workers (that is to say) so deeply engaged in the struggle for existence (which is, being interpreted, the power of selling as much as one will for the biggest prices one cares to ask), that, outside the Royal Academy at least, anything like trades-unionism is impossible. As for the first, it has to be admitted that there is as yet but little in common between the Artist and (say) the average Irish member. True it is that Mr. BRETT, A.R.A., read a paper whose object appears to have been the suppression of all forms of decorative art except the pictorial, and that this piece of "bold advertisement" (for so it seems to have seemed) was received with a certain feeble show of temper; and true it is, too, that, in a paper strangely misnamed "The Tendencies of Modern Art," Mr. F. BATE was ill advised enough to call in question the competency and good faith of the Hanging Committee at Burlington House, and to accuse the Royal Academy, in the person of one of its most distinguished members, then officiating as President of the Section of Painting, of something like practical dishonesty. But, with these exceptions, the debates were disheartening and uneventful. A number of enthusiasts delivered addresses; a number of enthusiasts replied to the said addresses; a number of enthusiasts (of both sexes) looked on, and saw fair play; and there was an end of the matter. The air was plangent with the banalities of art criticism; there was a constant recurrence of such old friends as "sense of 'beauty,'" "mission of the artist," "moral elevation," and "improve and beautify the homes of the poor." One orator (an architect, we believe) declared that the right and proper thing to do is to show men how to rise, as with stepping-stones, upon the bones of their dead selves, and there was none to say him nay; another asserted that redemption is only to be found in BRAUN's photographs of the Old Masters, and that they who lay out their money in Royal Academicians may just as profitably furnish a library with three-volume novels—a remark that was (so far as we can judge) received without enthusiasm. The result of all this second-hand Ruskinism appears to have been more or less depressing; but, it must be remembered that, as we have said, the Congress is the first of its kind. Perhaps the *genus irritabile* may show to greater advantage next year at Edinburgh, where the second Congress is to be held, and where, since "Custom maketh Ease," the assembled artists, it is hoped, will show that they *can* differ when they like, and that to some definite and practical purpose.

The fashion of saying nothing appears to have been set by the President, who delivered the inaugural address, and who, while he went so far, on the one hand, as to accuse the Abstract Englishman of a distinct and dreadful indifference to Beauty, went so far, on the other, as to tell those representatives of the said Abstract Englishman who had gathered together to listen to him that the painter is only the servant of the public, and that what the public wants, that—be it Pink Babies or Blue Shadows—the painter is prepared to supply. Again, Mr. L. ALMA TADEMA talked (in the Painting Section) with a certain vagueness about Beauty, to an audience which (we take it) would far rather have heard him talk about marble. Not great nor perdurable, we fear, was the reward of him who went out for to listen either to the painter of "The Roses of Heliogabalus" or his accomplished chief. Perhaps, indeed, the one practical outcome of the Liverpool Congress was the work of Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A., who presided in the Sculpture Section, and who, in the case of Mr. STIELING LEE, had something like a real professional grievance to enlarge upon and publish to the world. Mr. LEE, it appears, undertook—as the result of a public competition—to produce a certain number of bas-reliefs, at the expense of the Liverpool Corporation, for the pedimental space around St. George's Hall. He produced two out of eight; these two were

put up, and may be seen unto this day; and thereupon the Liverpool Corporation broke its contract, refused to have anything to do with the other six, and left Mr. LEE with his designs and his broken hopes upon his hands. That, at least, is how the story goes, and how Mr. GILBERT told it, with real emotion, and amid extraordinary applause; and the sooner this story is either verified or corrected the better, as we think, for every one. The conditions under which the sculptor has to work in England are already difficult enough; and if in the future they are to include breach of contract, they become impossible.

SOUAKIN AND ZANZIBAR.

THE reported capture of EMIN and Mr. STANLEY is a matter so doubtful and so important that it cannot be commented on till further news arrives. If true, it strengthens everything that we are about to say. Meanwhile the Government has, of course, only itself to thank if malevolent critics take the further "backboning" of Sir FRANCIS GRENFELL's force at Souakin with British troops as a concession to the attack which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made on it. To be sure, that attack, as was pointed out at the time, went in logic and reality, not to the strengthening of the expedition, but the withholding of it altogether; but that does not matter much. Nor, to any reasonable persons, need the gibes of the above-mentioned critics matter much. The satisfactory thing is that there is, or soon will be, a British force on the spot, small enough no doubt, but pretty certainly sufficient to prevent at least disaster. We do not know, however, whether the obstinate person—who persists in looking at things as they are, and who, as the *Saturday Review* did, disapproves equally of Lord RANDOLPH's Egyptian policy in Mr. GLADSTONE's days and of Lord RANDOLPH's Egyptian policy in Lord SALISBURY's—this additional reinforcement puts a much rosier face on the whole matter. To begin with, it has only been obtained by cutting down the English forces in Egypt itself to their very minimum—to a minimum which might be a very awkward "minim" if the rapidly moving Dervishes were to take the offensive vigorously at Wady Halfa, or if any disturbance were to arise in the populous towns of Lower Egypt. It may be said, however, and is said, that there are many British troops at Malta, and a few at Cyprus, and that the Indian reliefs which are constantly passing through the Red Sea can always be stopped if necessary. These expedients are rather hand-to-mouth, but they may serve. Again, it is impossible not to feel something of amusement and something of shame at the statement that some four or five thousand troops, white and black, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, military and naval, are required to hold Souakin against, and are practically cooped up in Souakin by, seventeen hundred Dervishes, who pelt the garrison quite at their ease and by no means harmlessly. No doubt the good-natured advocate may urge that the official estimate of the besiegers is purely conjectural, and probably far too low, and that the daily losses and the rather humiliating imprisonment will only last while our men are "going to begin." But here, again, we do not know that this makes the thing much better.

Moreover, even if these objections be dismissed as merely nervous in the first case, merely sentimental or Quixotic in the second, there remains a third and far more formidable grumble. What are the Borderers and the Welshmen, the black battalions and the white battalions, the Hussars and the Mounted Infantry, going to do when they have been got together? This is what nobody seems to know, what at any rate nobody will tell. Mr. MORLEY, from whom, we regret to say, nothing is now surprising, tries, among the Gladstonians of Finsbury, to play on the silly old distrust of soldiers by suggesting that some dreadful "military authorities" out there are planning a war of blood and glory for their own selfish benefit. Does Mr. MORLEY really think that any soldier is likely to see distinction before him in the "Dark Tower" of Souakin? Even a Radical estimate of the combined ferocity and folly of the military mind might surely find a difficulty in getting so far as this when what has happened is remembered. For reasonable people who have no political purposes to serve and no ignorant audience to wheedle, the problem what is going to be done at Souakin is a matter of quite as great anxiety as it can be to Mr. MORLEY. And it would be quite as distasteful to them as it can possibly be to him that a series of aimless and sanguinary engagements should be followed by a hypo-

thetical dispersion of the besiegers and a very real and categorical retirement of the besieged. That the "Jingo" to whom the killing of black men is a thing exquisite and delightful in itself exists in Gladstonian imagination only need hardly be said to any but Gladstonians; while it is not of much use to say it to them. The force now, or soon to be, at General GRENFELL's command is far too large merely to hold Souakin. But it is hardly large enough to undertake even the most limited system of operations which could make the Souakin district really safe for the future; and, whether it is large enough for these operations or not, there seems to be no certainty at all that it will be allowed to attempt, much less to perform, them. Indeed, what Mr. MORLEY and his fellows evidently fear is (we beg pardon for speaking the truth bluntly), not the extinction of a certain number of black men, but the carrying out of an intelligent and intelligible Nile policy on the part of England. Now we have often said, and we say again, that it is only as a necessary basis for the carrying out of such a policy that we care about Souakin at all. It would, no doubt, be in any case madness to let it fall into the hands of any other European nation; but that danger might be guarded against without much difficulty, and certainly without a force of some five thousand men, a fifth of them and more English. We held—when many excellent persons shut their ears and only begged to hear no more about Egypt—we hold now, and the events of the last year or two at Souakin and Wady Halfa have proved incontestably, that the territory reserved to Egypt after the retirement of the unsuccessful Nile expedition, and the not much more successful expeditions to Souakin itself, was too small, and that perpetual trouble must result if the outposts are not extended. Against this at the present time we have seen no attempt to argue, though there is a certain talk about negotiation. If by means of ZEBEHR, or any one else, negotiation can do anything, by all means let it be tried. But we confess to having very little faith in it by itself, though it might, no doubt, if judiciously used, help in the arrangement of a system of bulwarks which shall save Egypt from the danger and England from the disgrace of such things as have been going on at Souakin almost uninterruptedly and at Wady Halfa with far too frequent recurrence.

The debates at Berlin on the subject of the recent disasters to German enterprise at Zanzibar have been watched with natural interest in England, and the reports from Zanzibar itself with hardly less. But it can hardly be said that much that is decisive has happened or has been made known at either place. Prince BISMARCK would appear to be distracted between his well-known caution and parsimony on the one side, and his desire to encourage the national fancy for colonizing on the other. The German commanders seem to be rather ruthlessly and rather aimlessly bombarding, with the result of establishing a not disagreeable difference between the condition of what (to borrow a form of speech from the other side of the Continent) may be called the English Coast and the German Coast of the continental territories of Zanzibar. At home some honest and some dishonest people are bewailing the wickedness of the Germans, the woes of British Indian traders, and the weakness of Lord SALISBURY, with that curious mixture of unreason and cant which not unjustly irritates foreigners. We are probably as sincerely sorry (to say no more) that the once supreme influence of England in Zanzibar was allowed to dwindle and be divided as any of these persons. We hold that the necessity of the partition with Germany was at least doubtful. But we must ask whether the grumblers at the time lifted up their voices against it; and, further, whether they were willing, and announced their willingness, to protect the Sultan of ZANZIBAR against German claims by going to war with Germany if necessary? If they were not, and if they did not, their mouths are closed now, and their pity for the unfortunate traders of Bagamoyo and the unfortunate SULTAN at Zanzibar is both considerably belated and considerably "suspect." The presence of the British Indians was a very good reason for not letting any other Power meddle in Zanzibar; it is (subject, of course, to reservation as to the exercise of the usual diplomatic advocacy of their claims for compensation) no reason at all for refusing to accept the natural consequences of an act already accepted. It is a noble thing to be ready to defend your own and other's rights, though we must confess that it is a kind of nobility which sits most strangely on some of the present champions of the British Indians. But it is not noble at all, to give, especially under pressure, and then grumble at the expense of the gift.

JARGON.

DISCUSSIONS of the Origin of Language and inventions of a Universal Language are among the most tedious frivolities in a solemn universe. We have Professor ROMANES, in *The Origin of Human Faculty*, hammering away on Ideation and Prepercepts, and a dog that said "WILLIAM," and actually finding the Receipt in the body of the Concept. Meanwhile Mr. MAX MÜLLER is hammering away at the "ontological *à priori*" and "the sufficiency of a self-conscious Monon"—or the self-sufficiency of a conscious Monon—till the brain of the citizen reels. This is jargon, not the English language, nor the German, nor the Scotch, one feels inclined to exclaim, and to start a theory of the Origin of Jargoa. If the Origin of Language cannot be discussed in English, or Zend, or Pali, can it not be shunted altogether, or should not the disputants be obliged, if they *must* use a new form of speech, to squabble in the Universal Language? If they argue in Volapük nobody will understand them; but if they try Commun Lingua—the last fad—they will not descend much from the level of *recepts*, and *ideation*, and the self-sufficient Monon. The inventor of Commun Lingua, according to the *Globe*, says that his new nuisance might, "wid less pretension posseed have bin intituled simple 'Jargon'; and so far we quite agree with him. But Jargon will swamp English if we are to go around ideating the receipts of self-conscious Monon, and impiously delving for the Receipt in the body of the Concept—a performance which calls trumpet-tongued for the attention of the police. If modern philologico-philosophical discussion needs terms of this kind, it may be regarded as a science not only superfluous, but, practically speaking, impossible. Nobody will ever understand what the other man means—a result quite easily to be attained in argument without the use of Jargon, which is, therefore, a mere luxury and sinning of the mercies.

FRANCE.

FRENCH politics continue to abound in incidents which it requires some exercise of memory and good will to take in earnest. Not but that some of them are serious enough. The now obvious collapse of the Panama Canal Company is thoroughly serious. No doubt remains on that point after the utter failure of the last attempt to raise money. Now the French Government is face to face with a long foreseen crisis, which it must meet, and cannot possibly guide, so as to save thousands of investors (and voters) from heavy loss. It is by no means a trifling matter that the Chamber has voted, all but unanimously, the special war budget of 400,000,000 frs. just when Russia has been put in funds by France, mainly because she is thought to be the natural enemy of Germany, as the French papers have hastened to explain, with more honesty than discretion. But, though this is unquestionably grave, it is absurd that the Conservatives, who voted for the special war budget *sans phrase*, thought proper to demonstrate against the ordinary budget, because it did not include all expenses, and therefore was not honest. The patriotism which causes Frenchmen to abstain from vexatious debates on military questions is eminently respectable, and it is one of the few things in their conduct which we should like to see imitated here. But, if they are prepared to vote special budgets on this scale, it is futile in them to complain that the ordinary budget is not an honest statement of the nation's liabilities. The Conservatives would do their country no small service if they could check the disastrous financial practice of splitting up the yearly estimates into ordinary and special. It is a source of confusion and extravagance. It is largely responsible for the growing financial difficulties of the Treasury. But we do not see that they are making any serious effort to stop the evil. They lend themselves to it meekly, and then endeavour to wash their hands of responsibility by general protests in which the desire to scold the Republicans is much more conspicuous than the wish to improve the disordered financial management of what used to be the best directed Treasury on the Continent.

Again, it is in a sense a very serious thing that General CLUSERET should have been elected for the Var. If all was meant which was said and done when he was returned, the election is a proof that a large part of France has fallen into mere anarchy. The man is a military adventurer, who, after fighting for the Confederates, was mixed up in the worst

crimes of the Commune. That he has been elected in the department which includes the arsenal of Toulon ought to be—if the electors were serious—a sign that these crimes are thought rather a recommendation to a candidate. But the election hardly proves so much as that. Of the 14,776 votes given for the "General," a great majority were probably only meant to show that the voters wanted to figure in their own eyes as doing something strong. Moreover, the vast majority of the voters on the register—there are 83,962 in all—did not take the trouble to go to the poll. It may be taken for granted that they did care enough for General CLUSERET to help to elect him, and also that they were too completely indifferent to the possible consequences of his election to vote for anybody else. This indifference of the mass of the electors may be a danger; but it also throws a certain ridicule on the storm and fury of political discussion in France. In spite of the big words used and the continual talk of great interests at stake, three, or even four, Frenchmen out of five obviously consider the whole fight as something which does not concern them. They do not certainly wish that France should be governed by the like of General CLUSERET or M. FÉLIX PYAT, but they will do nothing to keep them out of office. At the bottom of their hearts they believe that before things have got to the worst somebody will step in and sweep this rabble away. There is an audible hollowness in the fight of parties. What appears to be going on may be the conflict of Conservative or Moderate with Radical. What is really happening is the frantic struggle of the doctrinaires against the steady drift back of the country to some form of Caesarism. The collapse of M. NUMA GILLY is a manifestly ridiculous incident. It is highly absurd that a fluent person should bring sounding charges, should swagger about his proofs, and should then cringe when called to account. M. GILLY has cringed in the most abject way. As soon as the actions for libel he professed to defy were brought against him—which was as soon as he descended from general to specific charges—he has hastened to declare that his famous *dossiers* were published without his consent, and threatens proceedings against his publisher and a discharged spy who supplied him with information. The immediate result is a general scrimmage of legal proceedings. The outraged deputies are bringing actions against M. GILLY. He is bringing an action against his publisher. The publisher is appealing to a court of honour against him. In the meantime this pantomime rally is quite the most conspicuous event in French politics, and that is the serious thing about M. GILLY. His story shows that a person of considerable silliness, but intelligent enough to be a deputy and a mayor, can come to the conclusion that a handful of vague charges of corruption, raked together by a discharged detective, are worth publishing as a way of making oneself conspicuous, and that the manœuvre may be carried out with impunity; for there is nothing to show that M. GILLY contemplated getting into serious trouble. He thought that this sort of thing could be done safely. Even a M. NUMA GILLY, even the most recklessly loose of tongue of Southern Frenchmen, could hardly have ventured to play such a prank until the political tone of France had been brought down to something below the ordinary American level at election-time.

THE EMPEROR AND THE MOUSTACHE.

IT is the fate, or the pleasure, of the German Emperor to keep the journalists of Europe very busily at work. When he is not visiting, or scolding, or flourishing the sabre of his grandfather, he can generally supply something small as a subject for leaders and telegrams. His latest contribution to the raw material of the press has been an order, or rather the renewal of an old order of his grandfather's (of course), forbidding the servants of the Palace to wear moustaches. Whether the *valetaille* of the Imperial Court have taken upon themselves to cease shaving their upper lip without permission, or whether it is so long since the EMPEROR has said something about his grandfather that he renewed the order for the mere pleasure of having something to say, or whether this solemn proclamation was in reality the work of some Court official with which the EMPEROR had little or nothing to do, does not appear; but there the order is, to show that they attend to the little things as well as the big in the Imperial Palace at Berlin. The footmen of that great establishment must either shave or remain shorn at least of their moustaches. Europe will be interested to learn whether they are allowed to wear

whiskers, or even to indulge in the most abominable of all forms of interference with nature—we mean, to shave their moustaches and leave the rest of the hair on their face growing. Probably this last eccentricity is an unheard-of absurdity in Germany. Among ourselves it seems to be due to a peculiar combination of laziness and cleanliness. It can only be accounted for on the supposition that some men have stubbly moustaches which will stick into their soup or their tea, so that, in order to avoid this unseemly accident, they cut so much of the hair of their face, but are too idle or too much afraid of the razor to remove the rest. The German who was not energetic enough to shave, or had not enough of the martyr in him to submit cheerfully to barbers, would probably not be cleanly enough to shave at all.

It must be confessed that the balance of civilized practice has been against wearing the beard. Apparently it has been found that shaving was the more cleanly habit. In our own navy and army it used to be enforced on that very ground. Indeed, among sailors it was so generally recognized that shaving was decent that even the buccaneers, who were not supposed to be models of conduct, habitually used the razor, and counted it a sign of their superiority to the Spaniard that they did so. Perhaps they had another motive. A beard is an excellent thing to lay hold of in a scrimmage; and, in days when there was more hand-to-hand fighting than there is now, a man would naturally not wish to supply his enemy with a good hold. In fact, it would be curious to speculate on the influence which arms of precision have had on military shaving. When you fought with a flint-lock, and fired by means of loose powder in a pan, it was eminently rash to have anything on your face which was liable to be set alight. In the Great War everybody shaved except cavalry soldiers, who fought with the white arm. Under very distressing circumstances men gave up shaving. During the retreat from Moscow NEY grew his beard, and it is to be presumed that the rank and file and subordinate officers did so too. Even during this terrible business, however, STENDHAL shaved daily—which was virtuous in him, for he cannot have been able to secure the protection which NAPOLEON, who also shaved, could get before he lathered his face at a temperature many degrees below zero. It must have been very unpleasant to wet your face first and scrape it afterward in the open air during that retreat. In these times of breechloaders and metal cartridges it does not much matter whether you have hair on your face or not. Even if your weapon jams, it is not likely to set you on fire; therefore we see that all the armies of Europe are taking to wearing all the hair they can on their faces. *Ce brave Général* has allowed the French army to wear its beard in peace, and we allow ours to go unshaven when on active service. Except for the look of the thing, there is no reason now why a fighting man should not wear his beard if he pleases. A ship's company need no longer be shorn, like the galley slaves, in order to prevent them from swarming with vermin. By-the-bye, the leading men on the galleys were allowed to wear their moustaches as a privilege of a mark of authority. Among civilians shaving seems to have been originally imposed by public opinion; but, as usual, rules were introduced to enforce the custom. There are a few houses of business in London still in which the clerks, and even the junior partners, are required to shave, or, at least, not to wear any hair on their upper lip and chin; for in this country nobody has ever dared to intrench so far on the liberty of the subject as to forbid him to wear whiskers. This exception was probably made because whiskers are the ugliest and least useful of all possible forms of wearing the hair on one's face. There is something, though not much, to be said for wearing the moustache only. Mankind has agreed that it looks dashing and handsome—why, nobody has ever explained, for in the majority of cases it is simply a ridiculous smudge. There is merit in a clean shave. When once the agony of shaving or being shaved is over, there is comfort in a clean face. The whole beard requires no defence. However thin it is, it is generally an improvement, since few men possess a mouth and chin which they have any excuse for displaying to the world. Besides, the scraggiest beard is a protection against sore throats, toothache, neuralgia, and a variety of evils. But as for whiskers, and particularly for long ones, which are the perfection of solemn imbecility, there is nothing to be said in their favour. They protect nothing, they hide nothing, and they widen a man's face, which is the very last service most faces require. They were never worn till they were invented in England, and imitated

in France at a time when taste was at its lowest and absurdity in dress at its height in both countries. They came in with peg-tops, and stand-up collars, and crinolines, and bulbous chignons, and white stockings, and pork-pie hats, elastic-side boots, and all the other horrors which enjoy immortality in LEECH's drawings. Perhaps that is why they are thought appropriate for waiters, and why Philistine men of business impose them on their clerks. It is a form of social tyranny, and we wonder that no friend of the people in the House of Commons has ever called attention to the abuse, and proposed to restrain employers of labour from so scandalously abusing their power.

MR. PALEY.

THE death of Mr. F. A. PALEY, at the age of seventy-two, deprives England of one of her most industrious scholars. Mr. PALEY was a grandson of PALEY of the "Evidences," he was educated at Shrewsbury, and it seems that "The Dweller on the Threshold"—Mathematics—prevented him, like MACAULAY, from taking honours at Cambridge. In 1846 Mr. PALEY entered the communion of the Church of Rome, and found it desirable or necessary to leave Cambridge for fourteen years. On his return he became a renowned classical tutor, but his later days were passed as classical professor at the Catholic University in Kensington. In literature he was most assiduous, and it may almost be said that he read nothing which he did not edit. He produced editions of HOMER, ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES, ARISTOPHANES, DEMOSTHENES; he selected from MARTIAL; he translated ÆSCHYLUS and PINDAR in prose.

It cannot be said that Mr. PALEY, in his translations, always remembered his own remark that to construe an author is one thing, while to understand him (or at least to make other people understand him) is another. The prose of his versions gave but little idea of the original poetry, and has occasionally moved the mirth of later and much less learned men. There is a fashion in translations, and Mr. PALEY was not in the fashion. He left the unlucky impression that PINDAR wrote rather like the newspapers; for Mr. PALEY did not aim at that "exceptional sort of prose," as Mr. CALVERLEY called it, which is now, by some, thought a proper vehicle for the rendering of Greek poetry. Thus, in his essay on ÆSCHYLUS, Mr. PALEY dwells on our ignorance of the philosophy, so to speak, which that poet entertained. "We are under the constant impression that there was something in the mind of the poet 'which one imperfectly comprehends.'" Then Mr. PALEY asks us to reflect on a passage in the *Choephori*, and to try to puzzle out the sense:—"And already the sharp sword which is at the heart is about to deal a home thrust at the instigation of justice; for the irreligion of 'one who has lawlessly transgressed, and utterly set at naught, the majesty of ZEUS, is not trampled by it under 'foot on the ground' (i.e. is not slighted nor neglected). But is neglecting a person synonymous with trampling him underfoot on the ground? We cannot but feel that we have construed our author, rather than understood him. Elsewhere, Mr. PALEY translates:—"Let some one come forth 'from the house who brings authority, (be it) a woman 'having the command of the place (or a man), for in that 'case reserve in conversation does not render words obscure.'" This style is not quite on the level of the Greek, and unhappily the words of ÆSCHYLUS are often obscure, even when he is not engaged in "unbusinesslike conversation 'held with a lady.'" Mr. PALEY remarked that, in the darker choruses, "there is, literally, scarcely a word that 'does not involve a doctrine, a metaphor, or a meaning 'that lies below the surface.'" But the editor did not always reveal the hidden sense, or so at least it seems to some of his readers. Probably his work as a teacher of undergraduates, who have to construe whether or not they understand their authors, hampered Mr. PALEY in his own translations.

In his later years Mr. PALEY was most generally known in connexion with his theory of the late date of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. This was, unhappily, not a subject quite within his competence, either as a reasoner or as a student of the history of writing and the development of epic poetry. The germ of Mr. PALEY's theory seems to have been the comparative rarity, in the Tragedians, of themes derived from the two great epics. ARISTOTLE's well-known explanation of this did not satisfy Mr. PALEY, who reached the

conclusion that *ÆSCHYLUS* and *SOPHOCLES* did not use our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* because they did not possess them. They used the "Cyclic" poems, which were therefore older than our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The question of the composition of the latter was never satisfactorily handled by Mr. PALEY. He sometimes called their composer or compiler a "cooker," who made a dish of floating poetic fragments. But in that case the fragments were as much within the reach of the Tragedians as of the "cooker"; therefore, if they did not use them, it was not because they were not accessible. If, on the other hand, the "cooker" invented his materials, he became an unparalleled, unprecedented, and unequalled genius, and could not fairly be called a "cooker." It was never easy to see what Mr. PALEY's real opinion was, nor had his epigraphical studies fitted him to be an authority on the early use of writing for literary purposes in Greece. Perhaps his knowledge of the popular and epic literature of the world at large was also scarcely what it should have been in a writer on the Homeric question. But Mr. PALEY stood bravely to his guns, and the dissent of such excessively different scholars as Mr. MAHAFFY and the Provost of Oriel moved him no more than the irreverences of the mere "belletristic trifler." Mr. PALEY's choice of a theme was unlucky, because it left a man of real learning in his own province at the mercy of the casual smatterer who knew a trifle about the history of the Greek alphabet and of the development of Epic in general. However, Mr. PALEY brought Homeric studies more into vogue than they had been, and compelled the friends of the Chian to furbish up their arms and artillery. His life was so busily engaged in making Greek books more easy of access that he had little time for such more interesting and purely literary criticism as is found in his prefaces.

THE VAGUENESS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH ended his question as to the docks at Gibraltar and Bombay in the House of Lords last Tuesday with a sentence which, whether it was meant to be reproachful, or plaintive, or politely ironical, was equally true. "The question," he said, "had been so long under consideration that it was reasonable to expect that a definite answer might be given." No more absolutely accurate observation could possibly have been made. The advisableness of establishing repairing docks at Gibraltar and Bombay has been under consideration by a succession of Governments during a series of years. It would seem to be the sort of question to which a definite answer might be given with no great difficulty. The elements of the problem are exceedingly simple. We are bound to maintain squadrons, including battle-ships of the first-class, in many seas. These vessels are liable to be damaged at all times, and particularly in war. We may not be able to remain at peace for ever; and, if we go to war, shall certainly have to fight in the Gut of Gibraltar and probably in the East Indies. Then our first-class battle-ships may be damaged, and if we have no yard capable of repairing them within easy reach, they will be as good as useless. Ought we, or ought we not, to have the means of doing the work at hand? No simpler question can be imagined, and it would seem that only one answer could be given; and yet it is still unanswered. After years of consideration by successive intellects, after evidence has been heard and reports have been made and expenses have been estimated, there is still no reply forthcoming from the Admiralty. It says neither no nor yes; it simply sits placidly and makes oracular observations.

To judge from the answers (if we may call them so) given to Viscount SIDMOUTH, nothing more precise is likely to be forthcoming for long. Lord KNUTSFORD, speaking on behalf of the Admiralty, could only say that, after long consideration, still more consideration was needed. "The importance of the matter was fully recognized, but a definite answer could not be given because the subject was still under the consideration of the Admiralty." Viscount CROSS was more precise, and was even hopeful. He was able to say that the difficulties in the way of making a dock at Bombay had been happily removed. "It was decided that there should be a conference between the Admiralty and the India Office on the matter." This conference has happily ended in an agreement and in the production of a modified scheme, which suited both the

Admiralty and the India Office. Viscount CROSS hopes to receive it next week. If all is good that is upcome, this ought to decide the question as to Bombay; but, if agreement can be achieved on this point, why not also on the other? We do not take it for granted that Gibraltar is the best point in the Mediterranean for a dock. The increased range of modern artillery has considerably diminished the value of Gibraltar as a harbour of refuge in war. Neither does it any longer possess the advantage it had in the days of the sailing fleet. Then a vessel despatched from the blockading squadrons off Toulon had a much better chance of getting a good wind to bring her back from Gibraltar than from Malta. With steam this consideration is of no value. It may, therefore, be a defensible proposition that what further money is to be spent on dockyards in the Mediterranean had better be spent at Malta than Gibraltar. Even for commercial purposes the yard would be as useful on the island as on the Rock. But at least we might have a decision. The length of time the Admiralty takes to make its mind up, its apparent inability to choose between the competing bundles of hay hung before it, the mass of reports it accumulates without ever apparently coming within sight of the completion of its evidence, combine to inspire a great want of confidence in its business faculty. Surely a department which has been at the business since the reign of HENRY VIII. ought by this time to know what, and what kind, of docks are needed, and where. If it cannot come to a decision on such elementary questions, there must be some very serious want of faculty to form a conception of the work needed and then to do it somewhere in the department. The fusionless reply given through Lord KNUTSFORD to a very simple question is in any case not to its credit. This hesitation and inability to say either yes or no are also, unfortunately, too much in keeping with the recent declarations of the chiefs of the Admiralty. It is exasperating to be told that the necessity for increasing the navy is recognized, and then in the next breath that nothing has been decided, or can be till some ill-defined future. This kind of pottering is not a sign of vigorous administration. The discussion in Supply on Thursday night had the merit of brevity, but added nothing to our reasons for trusting the Admiralty. There were the usual assertions and counter-assertions, the familiar lists and rival lists, all the commonplaces, in short, of a debate on the state of the navy. According to precedent, it left us no further forward. Lord G. HAMILTON could only repeat that, in his opinion, the navy was not strong enough, and something should be done to strengthen it. What that something is to be, he did not even hint. Now, although it is good to know that the need is recognized, there is a certain feebleness about this, an appearance of want of grip, which does not inspire confidence. It looks too much as if the Admiralty were leaving itself a loophole in case it seemed more prudent to back out.

THE FIRST BID.

IT seems a little strange that the Gladstonians, who are so abundantly satisfied with the progress of their cause in the provinces, should have suddenly set their hearts on recapturing London. If the people of the provinces, and especially of the Northern provinces, in which the true light shines brightest, are all of one mind in desiring Mr. GLADSTONE's speedy return to power, he might have afforded, one would have thought, to neglect the capital. The party managers, however, are apparently not so well pleased with the provincial prospect as to think London not worth the trouble of winning; so Mr. GLADSTONE has been prevailed upon to address a meeting at Limehouse before his departure for Italy, while Mr. MORLEY, "good at need," who is to take the chair on that occasion, has just executed a sort of overture to the great performance. And very good at need, or at this particular kind of need, Mr. MORLEY is. Those who have only heard him in the House of Commons, where he is seldom very effective, and sometimes very much the reverse, are apt to underrate his capacity as a platform orator. After his chief—and perhaps hardly after him in these days of Mr. GLADSTONE's declining power—Mr. MORLEY is far and away the best hand of the party at addressing popular audiences. Such audiences are ready enough to laugh, partly with and partly at Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; but he has just about as much weight with them as he has with the House of Commons itself; and how much that is,

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nobody who has ever heard Sir WILLIAM attempt the weighty style in a Parliamentary debate will require to be told. No better man than Mr. MORLEY could have been chosen to prepare the way for Mr. GLADSTONE's attempt on the Unionist virtue of the metropolis, and we will add that in one respect, at any rate, no one could have better justified the choice. His speech at Clerkenwell on Wednesday last was quite a typical example of that bold, not to say shameless, style of political wooing which is supposed to be, and in most cases we dare say is, the surest way of winning a democracy of the modern type. Mr. MORLEY had very little to say about principles and a great deal to say about interests; very little to tell his hearers as to what policy would most advance the general welfare of their country, and a good deal to say as to which party would put them most in the way of benefiting themselves. His references to Ireland and her wrongs were comparatively scanty. Indeed, he did scarcely more than assure his hearers that "his little bark still has the green flag nailed to the mast." (Is he quite sure, by-the-bye, that it isn't a black one, run up to the peak by the authors of the Plan of Campaign while he was religiously looking the other way?) The rest of his speech was simply a development of this pregnant sentence near its opening:—"Let me tell you, if you do not know it, that London can have anything it likes if it will only be kind enough to return, instead of fifty Tories and ten Liberals, fifty Liberals and ten Tories."

It is a noble form of appeal; and it sounds nobler still if, against the promises of "swag" which Mr. MORLEY—to use his own "unclassical" expression—makes to the electors of London we set the suppressed consideration which they are to give for it. Break up the United Kingdom, says (or rather does not say, but means) Mr. MORLEY, and you shall grab the endowments of the City Companies. Sell your loyal fellow-countrymen in Ireland into bondage to oppression and spoliation, and you shall be allowed to tax ground-rents. Assist us to plant a thorn in the side of your mother, and we will knock off your children's school-pence. That is the offer, fair and square, and Unionists, of course, are neither prepared to outbid it, nor are some of them, perhaps, very confident in the existence of sufficient public virtue among the constituencies. There is one argument, however, which they can use, and which we hope they will use with effect. They can say to the electors of London, or of any other great popular centre, "We do not ask you to spurn these bribes with contempt; we simply recommend you to decline them with incredulity. When Mr. MORLEY or anybody else tells you that if you will return a Gladstonian majority you shall have free education, the loot of landlords, and other fine things, do not believe him. His party made exactly the same sort of promises to the agricultural labourer in 1885; for manner of performance see Mr. JESSE COLLINGS *passim*. If you listen to the same men you will be served in the same way. You will find the country flung into the turmoil of a great Parliamentary fight over the question of Home Rule, to be quite certainly followed by yet another electoral struggle, with issues not to be foreseen, and of all that is promised you you will get nothing. You will not even get, if you care to have it, that singular political blessing just offered you at Clerkenwell—a repeal of the Septennial Act—for the men who now talk of repealing it will then, on the hypothesis, be getting the benefit of it." And to such portion of a popular electorate as can appreciate moral contrasts between professions and acts, it might possibly be useful to suggest a comparison of Mr. MORLEY's Shakspearian quotation with the principles and policy of his friends. Such an examination might suggest the following variants or additions:—"I earn that I eat [with the exception of words], I get that I wear [and turn it when I have worn it long enough], owe no man hate [except Mr. BALFOUR], envy no man's happiness [unless he is better off than myself], glad of other men's good [*varia lectio* 'goods']. These emendations and glosses appear to us, we confess, to add vastly to the pertinence of the quotation.

THE CENSUS.

A COMMUNICATED paper in the *Times*, which prepared the way for the deputation of gentlemen interested in having improved census returns for the "United Kingdom," was worth reading. It was not that

it contained either information or comment of any particular value—for, indeed, there was neither one nor the other—but it was such a very candid confession of faith. The writer did not assert, but took for granted, that the business of Government is to supply the mere statistician with unlimited figures to play with. He was so sure that even more numbers, constantly more divided and subdivided, should be collected and published for his benefit. In order that this may be done, he recommends the formation of another Government office, with its staff, at a yearly expense, in order that the lies may be numbered twice as often as they are at present, and asked ten times as many questions. That the lies think they are numbered often enough as it is, and quite sufficiently plagued with questions, does not seem to suggest itself to him at all. By way of showing his appreciation of the character and prejudices of his countrymen, the author blandly declares that among the points which the deputation might ask the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD to consider is, "the absolute necessity which arises for a religious census." Why "absolute necessity," and how does it arise? The information is not needed for any purpose of taxation, or for the purpose of settling the quota of representatives to be sent to Parliament, or any other practical purpose. It is only absolutely necessary for the mere statistician with his maniacal passion for compiling tables, and still more tables, and tables. If he was not so utterly swallowed up by the craze for addition, subtraction, and division he ought to know that nothing would be more certain to arouse the most angry opposition than an attempt to take a religious census. The Church might accept it, but the Dissenters would certainly resist it violently as inquisitorial. Why, it has been proposed before, and defeated on that very ground. The *hortus siccus* of Dissent does not want to be numbered; and, besides, there are many thousands of Englishmen who, if they did not refuse to answer, would put themselves down "Christian," or something equally useless to the statistician.

As might be expected, Mr. GOSCHEN called the attention of the deputation, when it did wait on him, to the elementary fact that there are two parties to a census. There are the people who take it, and the people who are taken into it. These last think they are entitled to a voice in the matter, and will take to be listened to. As Mr. GOSCHEN put it, in his dry, humorous way, "There certainly was not the same keen desire on the part of the 'great bulk of the people to give information as there was on the part of the statisticians to obtain it.'" He and Mr. RITCHIE were able to give the deputation some useful information already. One of the items was, that if an attempt is made to secure a carefully divided and arranged occupation Census, the people examined may turn out to have neither the will nor the capacity to answer the questions put to them. An attempt was made not long ago to obtain some information as to the number of unemployed in a comparatively small district of London. It was the interest of the people who were examined to answer, and yet it was found that they either would not give the information asked for, or answered falsely. What probability is there that in a general Census the returns would be more trustworthy? It is true that in this case the Census was voluntary; but so it must needs be practically, if it is general, and enforced by Act of Parliament. You cannot put an appreciable minority of the population in prison at the expense of the remainder, simply for refusing to answer what they think are offensive questions or for telling lies. The "remainder," would be fools if they consented to be taxed for any such purpose, only in order that the statistician might revel in a public office, also maintained at the public expense. It may be true that Continental nations are numbered more frequently than we are; but the conscription makes the numbering necessary, and easy also. As for the example of our cousins in America, who sandwich States between the ten-yearly Federal one, we do not know that it is much to the point. Englishmen have not yet developed that passion for listening to themselves, ticketing themselves, and then falling into ecstasies of admiration over what they find out in the process which distinguishes the Americans. Why should we go to more expense and trouble than we do already about the Census? It is a useful thing enough to have a stock-taking once in every ten years or so. But why have it twice as often and make it ten times as tiresome? Mr. BURR is disturbed because the Mining Inspector and

the Census disagree as to the number of miners, and thinks it would be a great advantage to have them classified. Mr. WHITELEGGE spoke of the difficulty they had of knowing their own number to within 20,000 at Nottingham. Neither stated why these difficulties and discrepancies were so great an evil that a public office must be created to remove them. Before that expense is incurred it ought surely to be shown that it is needed for some other purpose than merely to fill the bellies of statisticians with the east wind they love so ardently.

THE SALVATIONIST SECRETARY.

THE modest assurance of Mr. WILLIAM BOOTH finds a fresh development in the memorial which he has just presented to the HOME SECRETARY. Mr. MATTHEWS is a serious man, who does everything, or at least everything official, in a very serious way. His reception of Mr. BOOTH and Mr. BOOTH's friends, armed as they were with the singular document which now lies before us, would probably have astonished any one less fixed in his opinion of himself than the "General" of the Salvation Army. But Mr. BOOTH would hear without surprise that he had been made Prime Minister, or Archbishop of Canterbury, or Commander-in-Chief. His present object is regarded by Mr. BOOTH as a very trivial one indeed. It is merely a sum of fifteen thousand pounds, to be proposed by HER MAJESTY'S Government and granted by the House of Commons, in order that the masses may be raised to the high moral and social level of the Salvation Army. Mr. MATTHEWS, unless he has been misreported, expressed himself as willing to take this suggestion into his most earnest and attentive consideration. We forbear to speculate on the emotions with which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER must have read this candid utterance of his impulsive colleague. Some things are too painful to dwell upon; and, having regard to the very recent bereavement suffered by Mr. GOSCHEN in the loss of his Wheel-tax, Mr. MATTHEWS might really have been more thoughtful than to give such wanton pain. Mr. BOOTH, of whose philanthropy no doubt need be expressed, desires to set up ten Rescue Homes and ten Food and Shelter Dépôts. The cost of this enterprise he estimates at the sum already named, which may, for all we know, be reasonable enough. But the argument which Mr. BOOTH bases on his figures is enough to startle even those whose faculty of astonishment has been dimmed by long acquaintance with Salvationist proceedings. "Seeing," says this expert in celestial warfare, "seeing that we are prepared to carry on the work in them, with the aid of benevolent persons, we do not think it presumptuous to ask the Government to provide by grant, or at least by loan, without interest, an amount so insignificant to alleviate so great an amount of distress." It would not be profitable, or even practicable, to inquire what, in the eyes of Mr. BOOTH and his troops, constitutes presumption. It seems a pity that Mr. MATTHEWS has not thought proper to give them an elementary lesson upon a subject which so vitally concerns them.

Mr. BOOTH is, of course, within his right when he appeals to the pockets of the charitable public, and if he has done all that he says he is a better Christian, as well as a better man, than the quasi-religious rowdism which he encourages would suggest. He represents himself as having supplied, during the present year, more than twenty thousand beds, and nearly half a million meals, for boys and girls at prices varying from a penny to a farthing. He also keeps a Rescue Society for Women, in which many ladies work hard without reward. It would be wrong not to speak with respect of efforts like these, whether or not they are carried on with prudence, whether or not they are associated with proselytism. But an application to the Treasury is a very different thing, though Mr. BOOTH has only gone a short step beyond what many persons who call themselves advanced thinkers are quite prepared for. Governments, they maintain, exist for the benefit of individuals, which is, of course, a self-evident axiom, when properly understood; and, therefore, every scheme for making any class or body richer, or happier, or better, or cleaner, or more sober, or more pious, should be taken up by Government. Mr. BOOTH cannot even imagine the existence of any objection, in principle, to his demands. The utmost he can realize is that the time may be inopportune, or the calls upon the public purse too heavy. "Should the Government not see proper, at this juncture, to propose

"any grant of money for us," is his way of anticipating possible dissent; and then he goes on to ask for the free use of Government buildings. The Salvation Army is certainly the very last body in whose competence and discretion the general public would be disposed to confide. Men and women who howl under the windows of hospitals for the ostensible purpose of converting the sick are not likely to do the work of discriminating and cautious relief better than the Charity Organization Society. But, quite independently of Mr. BOOTH's virtues and faults, it does seem passing strange that the question can be gravely discussed, not in a debating society, but at the Home Office, whether a set of fanatics who disturb quiet neighbourhoods, by what most people regard as blasphemous buffoonery, should be assisted from national funds in competing with other and much more trustworthy charitable agencies. Even if the very poor should be taxed to encourage reckless multiplication among the still poorer, Mr. BOOTH is not the man, nor the Salvation Army the medium, to call forth the confidence of Parliament.

VENGEANCE OF SHEEHY'S CASE.

VENGEANCE OF SHEEHY'S case has ended, as most people who kept their heads expected, in something very like a "fizzle." The finding of the Select Committee was, if not quite so illogical in form as the often-quoted verdict of the doubting jury, in substance much more self-stultifying. "Not guilty, but don't do it again," is, after all, only the rough equivalent of a nominal conviction, followed by a concealed appeal for mercy made by the tribunal in one capacity to itself in another; the negative before the word guilty merely implying that the delinquent is to get the advantages of an acquittal. The Select Committee which has sat upon Sergeant JEREMIAH SULLIVAN has done the exact reverse of this. Its members have gone out of their way to find him guilty, and have then added that they recommend the House not to punish him; so that, to the extent of his impunity, at any rate, he has been encouraged to do it again. It is all very well to add that "they are satisfied that he did not intend any violation of the privileges of the House"; but, if that plea is to be admitted in justification of such delinquencies, members of Parliament will find that it carries them far. It will be said that, considering the profound uncertainty which appears to surround the whole question of these mysterious privileges, it will be difficult, if this new principle of *ignorantia juris excusans* is to be accepted, to commit the offence of a breach of privilege at all. How, it will be asked, can any one be, on this principle, convicted of violating the rights of an assembly which are so obscure that that assembly, on such violation of them being alleged, has immediately to appoint a Committee to find out what the rights are? The investigators into the conduct of Sergeant SULLIVAN would therefore have done more wisely in abstaining from any statement of their reasons for not proceeding further against him.

As regards the gist of the Report itself, we confess to being in almost entire agreement with Mr. BALFOUR. That is to say, without disputing his opinion, though even that does not appear to us to be at all incontestable, that "a gross offence against 'the proprieties' was committed by 'the constable,'" we hold it to be clear that no breach of privilege occurred. Full justification for this view could be gathered, we think, from the Report itself. In attaching the importance which they evidently do to the fact that "the House was sitting" when Mr. SULLIVAN sent in his card, the Committee appear to us to supply the answer to their own finding. If the sitting of the House is the point on which everything turns, we must necessarily suppose the foundation of the privilege to be that the House has a right to prevent its members being withdrawn from it during the actual transaction of public business. But, if that is the privilege, no breach of it, as Mr. BALFOUR pointed out, was ever committed. Mr. SHEEHY was a free agent from first to last, free even in quitting the House to see the person who had sent in his card; and so free to refuse compliance with his visitor's suggestion to him to accept service of summons, that he at once walked back into the House, and proceeded, as a forcible metaphor has it, to "raise the roof." It is puerile to contend, and it was therefore contended at some length, that to have a visiting-card—or cyard—handed to you, which you may take notice of or not as you please, and the

presentation of which is followed by a proposal which you may assent to if you like, or, if you prefer it, indignantly decline, amounts to such "molestation" of a member of Parliament as the House is bound to consider a breach of the privileges of the House. On the whole, there can be no doubt that the Government took the only prudent and proper course open to them in moving to pass to the order of the day; and, though the debate on this modest proposition cannot be said perhaps to have been unduly prolonged, it was certainly quite long enough. We are glad, however, that it lasted long enough to include a short speech in which Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, in our opinion, hit the right nail on the head. It was a mistake, we agree with that outspoken commentator, to have made the original concession to the Parliamentary violators of the law, of proceeding against them by the method of summons, instead of taking the course which would be followed in the case of any other person sojourning on this side of St. George's Channel who had made himself amenable to the criminal law in Ireland. When this course—that of procedure by arrest—was modified for the benefit of Parnellite law-breakers, an unsound and dangerous distinction was set up, and has led to the inconvenient consequence which we now see.

CART-HORSES.

WE use the above title without fear or trembling, although well aware that it is supposed to be obsolete and that polite people now call the quadrupeds in question Shire-horses. Nor do we deny the antiquity of the latter name, as it was used so long ago as the days of Henry VIII.; but, while we admit that it was sufficiently descriptive when the horses bred in what are known as the Shires were mostly of one kind, we deny that it is so expressive as that of Cart-horse, now that an enormous proportion of the horses bred in the Midland counties, or Shires, have little in common with the so-called Shire-horse. Moreover, the latter term, strictly speaking, is limited to one particular kind of cart-horse, and it is a matter of opinion whether that is the best.

In nearly every book on the horse, it is said that the ancestors of the modern English cart-horse drew the scythed chariots of the ancient Britons when Cæsar invaded our island. To us it seems that this idea is at best a matter of conjecture. It is pretty certain that after the Norman Conquest horses were brought into England from Normandy, and Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, is said to have introduced stallions from Spain. Alexander of Scotland is stated to have brought over an Arab in the twelfth century, and it is more than probable that other Eastern horses were imported during the period of the Crusades. There are records, again, of the introduction of cavalry horses from Germany, as well as of heavy draught stallions from Flanders. Upon the whole, therefore, we are justified in believing that the English cart-horse is as cross-bred an animal as his master. That a very strong horse would be required to carry the enormous weight of armour used in a tournament we can readily believe, nor can it be doubted that the horses ridden by warriors in heavy armour must have been chosen rather for their strength than for their speed. The late Mr. Walsh, in his book on *The Horse*, said that "The figure of the war-horse, as represented in the Duke of Newcastle's celebrated treatise, was common enough fifty years ago among the agricultural horses of any district but that immediately north of the estuary of the Thames." Blaine, in his *Encyclopedia of Sports*, says that "the cumbersome armour of the cavalry soldiers of those days" (those of Edward III.) "still imposed the necessity of maintaining a greater number of the weighty breed for many succeeding reigns." Mr. Walter Gilbey goes still further and boldly entitles a book, which he has lately published, *The Old English War-horse or Shire-horse*, as if the terms were convertible. While mutually agreeing that the old English war-horse and the cart-horse were identical, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Gilbey do not write about him with equal enthusiasm. Mr. Gilbey's pages are "an endeavour to suggest that there are good reasons for believing that, in the English Great Horse, modern Shire-horses originated. It really seems to be true that the most powerful animal now existing in England for the advance of Agriculture and Commerce—i.e. of the Arts of Peace—is the direct descendant of the horse which, when Julius Cæsar arrived here, attracted his attention for its efficiency in the assistance which it rendered to our forefathers in the pursuits of war." Mr. Walsh says that:—"From time immemorial this country has possessed a heavy and comparatively misshapen animal, the more active of which (*sic*) were formerly used as chargers or pack-horses, while the others were devoted to the plough"; and he goes on to say:—"In colour almost invariably black, with a great fiddle-case in place of a head, and feet concealed in long masses of hair, depending from misshapen legs, he united flat sides, upright shoulders, mean and narrow hips, and very drooping quarters."

During the last few years of agricultural depression almost the only produce of the farm that has never ceased to prove

lucrative has been the better class of cart-horse. It is scarcely necessary to say that cart-horses yield a better return to the breeder than any, except perhaps race-horses. The early age at which they are saleable gives them a great advantage over hunters, hacks, or carriage-horses; and in this respect they have more in common with race-horses than any other breed. Just at present there is quite a mania for first-rate English or Scotch cart-horses, both in America and in Canada; and our breeders would do well to make hay while the sun shines, for taste may change, and it is far from impossible that American breeders may supplant us in the market, as they did some years ago with their short-horns. Many British cart-horses have been sold of late to go to Germany, and a large number have gone to Australia. A Clydesdale filly, three years old, was purchased a few weeks ago for 290*l.*, and afterwards, we believe, sold at a profit; and at a sale of Clydesdales, in November, fifteen horses of various ages averaged 88 guineas each. One mare made 185 guineas, and her filly foal 140 guineas. The best sale of a cart-horse during the past autumn has been that of a foal for 500 guineas to Mr. Crawford. Such a price has never, to our knowledge, been given for a foal intended for a hunter or carriage-horse. Indeed, even breeders of race-horses would consider a foal exceptionally well sold at that figure; and, in comparing the price of cart-horse foals and yearlings with blood-stock, due allowance ought to be made for the immense difference in the fees of the sires. Five pounds for the services of a cart-sire would be more in proportion than a charge of 50*l.* for those of a thoroughbred stallion of the same relative standing. Another point worthy of consideration in balancing the merits of cart and race-horses, as stock for a stud-farm, is the following. Only the most promising thoroughbreds command high prices, whereas an average cart-colt or filly will always fetch a good round sum in proportion to the cost of its production; and a bad cart-horse is actually worth more than a bad race-horse, for the only thing the latter can do is to lose races, while the former can at least make himself useful by drawing a manure-cart.

The Shire-horse, properly speaking, is the cart-horse reared from Lincolnshire to Shropshire and Nottinghamshire to Berkshire, and he is probably a descendant of the old English black cart-horse crossed with the Flemish horse. With what other breeds he may have been intermixed it would be difficult to say; but that he has been often improved by outside strains, especially Norfolks, Suffolks, and Cleveland Bays, is pretty certain. Norfolk and Suffolk cart-horses are commonly classed together as Suffolks, in contradistinction from Norfolk trotters, although the boundary-line between the trotter and the cart-horse has doubtless been as often invaded as that between the trotter and the thoroughbred. Purchasers of Norfolk trotters are well aware that they vary between horses which show as much blood as most hunters and powerful animals which might pass muster as van or light cart-horses. The old Suffolk, which may be said to be extinct, was, at the end of the last and the early part of the present century, a lengthy, short-legged, deep-barrelled, straight-shouldered, flat-sided, ugly horse, generally of a sorrel colour. He was less clumsy-looking than the old black cart-horse; but he had not so much power of draught. Clydesdales are supposed to be descended from some Flemish horses imported by one of the Dukes of Hamilton, and their native breeding-ground is Lanarkshire. They show more of what horsemen term "quality" than any other sort of cart-horse; and their combination of power, activity, and good looks procures for them the high prices which we have already noticed.

For many years there has been a tendency towards the development of greater activity in the cart-horse. The old idea that a straight and heavy shoulder was the most serviceable for purposes of heavy draught is rapidly becoming obsolete. A sloping but strong shoulder, with great depth of girth, short legs and back, and exceedingly powerful and compact loins and quarters, have superseded the upright shoulder, long legs, hollow back, slack ribs, and high, ragged hips, which used to be the characteristics of too many cart and dray horses. Even in the 1856 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* it is stated that, if the cart-horse possesses action, "his shoulders and forequarters can scarcely be too coarse and heavy; for, drawing being an effort of the animal to preserve himself from the tendency which his weight gives him to the centre of gravity when he inclines forward, so the more weighty he is before and the nearer he approximates this centre the more advantageously will he apply his powers." This notion of a cart-horse drawing a heavy weight by, as it were, perpetually tumbling against his collar, and working rather by sheer force of his weight than by the use of his muscles, is almost exploded. Immense strength of loin and quarters, with powerful muscles both before and behind, are looked for quite as much as mere weight of forehand by judges of cart-horses in these days. On this question we will again quote Mr. Walter Gilbey. While admitting that "size and weight to be thrown into the collar are needed quite as much as high docility, activity, and strong bones or sinews," he adds that "it must be borne in mind that a compact, well-formed cart-horse will move a given weight with far greater despatch, and less chance of injury to his powers, than one whose shoulders are defective, whose loins are bad, and whose legs are ill formed." There are many points, indeed, which good horses of nearly all breeds share in common. For instance, the following descriptions, taken at random from different newspapers—he is "thick, level, and strong"; he "stands on short, well-formed limbs, and, like several good horses, he sports curls of

hair on his fetlocks"; he is "of good substance, deep-bodied, and set off by those powerful, yet sloping, shoulders, &c.": "he has also a deep body, with great muscular development in his rump, quarters, thighs, and gaskins"—although they might apply equally to certain cart-horses, were one and all written of race-horses—namely, Exmoor, Veracity, Gold, and Paradox. An excellent judge, again, once wrote that horses "with strong backs and loins, wide hips, and great muscular quarters, with sound and well-shaped hocks, generally win"—not prizes at agricultural shows as cart-stallions, but races at Ascot.

Perhaps the weakest point in our grand breed of cart-horses is their feet, particularly if we include their coronets, which are apt to be afflicted with side-bones and ring-bones. In paved cities and over stony roads good feet are of the utmost importance, yet there are men of no little experience who are of opinion that the feet of a thoroughbred horse will generally bear more battering upon rough and hard surfaces than those of a draught-horse. With regard to their heels and legs, it may not be generally known that, while we Englishmen like to see them well covered with long, wavy hair, the contrary taste prevails in many parts of America, where the sudden and severe frosts are apt to freeze a superabundance of wet hair into a solid mass. It may be worth mentioning that the monks at the Hospice of St. Bernard prefer the smooth-coated dogs to the rough, for precisely the same reason, although English dog-fanciers are fondest of the rough-coated St. Bernards.

We may notice, in conclusion, the great advantages possessed by mares of the improved Shire or Clydesdale breeds over the older breeds of cart-mares as mates for a thoroughbred stallion. Crosses of this sort must always be a lottery, in which few prizes and many blanks are drawn; but our improved cart-mares have many and important qualifications for breeding fine hunters and carriage-horses, when judiciously mated. The improvement in Clydesdale and Shire-horses has also a very beneficial effect upon that exceedingly useful horse, the light cart-horse, which is usually the result of a cross between a cart-mare and a trotting stallion. To enumerate the purposes for which this class of horse will serve would be endless. He may be a nondescript, he may be unrecognized at shows, he may be plain in appearance and somewhat uninteresting; but, taken all in all, he is one of the horses that we could least afford to spare.

MORE ABOUT IDIOM-HATERS.

A LITTLE discourse on "Idiom-haters," which appeared in the *Saturday Review* a week or two ago, seems to have excited the passions of both love and hate in a considerable number of persons who have written to us about it. For the lovers we have, of course, nothing save good words, though even they may perhaps not object to a little more on the subject. The haters seem decidedly to require more exhortation, or rather, according to the admirable and charitable doctrine that no man does evil wittingly, more explanation. Their minds (of which we desire to speak with none of the too facile contempt of a sometime Lord Chancellor who has been lately discovered to be like other victims, dead and alive, of the same fault, exceedingly insolent because he was so exceedingly shy)—their minds require a little further illumination. The necessity of this additional clearness will be itself made clear by a very curious and typical instance. One of our letter-writers, commending us, though not hopefully, for exposing the hideous monster, "reliable," but doubting (Out upon these doubters!) as to the possibility of expelling the monster, lapses from these fair first works into a sad but ludicrous error. He blushes to inform us that he has found the word "desiderate" in our own columns. No doubt he has; and, what is more, he will, *pourvu que Dieu nous prête vie*, find it a good many times more. Still, a mere objection without a reason would not have damned him as he proceeds to damn himself. He supposes that he shall soon find "requiderate" and "admirerate" in these pages. Unhappy man! on him was lost the immortal counsel to judges, and he must bide the consequences. Because he hears in English the three words

Desire
Require
Admire

rhyme, and sees them end alike, he forgets (if he ever knew) that *desidero*, *requiro*, and *admiror*, which they represent, are not exactly similar in their terminations; and that, while "desiderate" is a citizen of the most scrupulous dictionary city, "requiderate" and "admirerate" would be simple *voces nihili*. But perhaps he will say:—"Bother your Latin! Suppose I was wrong there; why is 'desiderate' wanted at all when we have got 'desire'?" From this it would but too clearly appear that you cannot "bother Latin" with impunity. The reason why "desiderate" is required (not "requiderated") as well as "desire" is that, according to a process common in all languages and commonest in English, "desire" has actually lost, or all but lost, the special sense of its original. *Desiderium* (of which, through *désir*, "desire" is a mere shortening) and *desidero* signify, as every schoolboy ought to know, something widely different from *volo*, *cupio*, and all the other quasi-synonyms which the English "desire" now and then translates. They mean "desire" with a special accompanying sense of the want of, and longing for the possession

of, something that at present you have not got. Now "desire" in English does not any longer specially mean this, and when emphasis is required to be laid on this special meaning, "desiderate" is absolutely needed. It is thus neither fine writing, nor an unnecessary "doublet," nor (least of all) a vulgarism, but simply something which is itself desiderated in England and English, something which could have been supplied by "want," if that word, again, had not got debased into a mere general alternative to "wish for." Practically, no better example than this very word "desiderate," when it is properly employed, could possibly be given of the class of words to which idiom-haters object, and which experienced students of English, though they do not in any sense specially affect them, use when they require them, whether their fathers used them or not, just as they use (when there is a reason for it) half a million appliances which those fathers also got on, and got on very well, without.

Another "subscriber of twenty years' standing" does not give himself away so completely, but is even more of a lost sheep in general. He wants to know, poor man (by the way, he writes "much of them are" in this very letter, for of such are idiom-haters), "Does the Editor really mean that any colloquialism, however inelegant, is admissible in literature?" Now, of course, the Editor (or that one of his writing fellows whom he, in his Pindarick way, commissioned to perform the task) does not mean anything of the sort. Of course he took the most elaborate pains to point out that he did not mean anything of the sort. Of course the "however inelegant" begs the whole question. Of course the article referred to contained tolerably careful indications of the line which separates actual inelegancy or worse from mere "in-usitatness," or lack of the certificate which is given, or supposed to be given, by the usage of certain writers, whom, generally after they have been in their lifetimes charged with every possible sin against the English language, opinion has agreed to consider English classics. But our passionate pilgrim of elegance neglects all this, which is the less surprising that he seems to prefer the ugly Americanism of using "he" in reference to "one" to the proper English repetition. But it was ever thus; and it is not more surprising to find our old friend the hater of "give away" denying that "in" can be used for "into," shutting Shakespeare out as a reference, and asking indignantly whether the *Saturday Review* considers itself as great a man ('tis not his phrase, but 'tis his sense) as Dryden; while somebody else tries to justify "reliable" by "laughable," forgetting or misunderstanding such an unquestioned use as "laugh to scorn."

But, in truth, the whole kind of criticism, of which these are examples, is one of the chief obstacles to that general appreciation of good writing, as distinguished from bad, in which Englishmen generally are so sadly deficient. It was Hegel, if we remember rightly (and it does not matter whether it was he or another), who invented the description, admirably witty for a German, of the eighteenth-century Aufklärung as being a period "when everybody could call himself a philosopher if he did not believe in the devil." Alas! these negative qualifications are fatally easy and have been fatally frequent. At one time everybody is an historian who abstains from the use of the name Charlemagne; at another everybody is a theologian who decides that miracles do not happen.

The Little Tower with no such ease
Is won, I warrant,

as the bard remarks; and you do not become competent to bind and to loose in English letters by eschewing phrases which the excellent Dr. Campbell reprobated, or even which would not have been admitted into the historic page fifty or sixty years ago. Let us be understood, for fear of further passionate demands as to what the Editor really means and does not mean. He does not mean that every word is good for use in every kind of literature; he does not mean that phrases, introduced by accident or design into the language, are capable of being absolutely warranted for every purpose, even though they conflict with no rule of the language, and are inconsistent with no usage of the best writers. But what he does mean is that, in periodical literature at any rate, phrases which fulfil these negative conditions (as we once for all showed that certain incriminated phrases do) are entitled to and deserve a kind of probationary employment which may very likely end in their installation into the fullest rights of dignified citizenship. Words have as much their fate as the books which are built up of them; and no one can absolutely assure them against that fate. Consider, for instance, the lamentable and, it would seem, hopeless doom of the word "genteel." It had an excellent ancestry, cousins of the best quality in other languages, harmless formation, a distinct sense which nothing has come to supply, and for a time fair patronage. Yet before very long it became sullied by ignoble use, and it is doubtful whether a Czar of England, with twenty Siberias at his back, could get it into vogue again, though its substantive, "gentility," has held its own with some of the sternest purists even of our own days. Its companion or successor in misfortune, "stylish," deserves less pity; for it was not a pretty word at best, and it pushed out the charming adjective "modish"—a far better word, which is perhaps not beyond reach of recovery, though its use is often thought "affected" by the same persons who think "give away" to be "vulgar." In the same way, and perhaps with better reason, some, perhaps a considerable proportion, of words and phrases which it is both permissible and desirable to

introduce will probably drop out or become really and hopelessly vulgarized as "stylish" is. It will not follow—it did not follow in the other case—that their introducers were wrong. Nor does it follow that such introducers, looking duly as we do at the credentials of the words they introduce, are wrong because others introduce words and phrases which have not good credentials. To hold otherwise would be to let into literature the abominable fallacy of the Weak Brother—a person to be scouted without mercy whenever he makes his appearance anywhere out of his proper domain of religious charity.

Here, as everywhere, reason carries the day, and is justified of her children. There is always a reason behind good usage, and never one behind abuse. Heaven knows, there is plenty of abuse about. As we write we see before us the "Contents" of one of the monthly Reviews for December, and one of the titles is "Impressions of Australia. II. The Future." Now we all know that coming events cast their shadows before; but a mind which can receive "impressions" from the future must be an uncommonly sensitive *tabula rasa*. This, however, is just the kind of absurdity which the idiom-haters never notice. Bossu and Dr. Campbell do not note that you should not use "impression" of the future; that kind of thing does not concern the persons of whom the greatest of French and the second or third of European satirists says:—

Dependant leur savoir ne s'étend nullement.
Qu'à regretter un mot doteux au jugement,
Prendre garde qu'un qui ne heurte une diptongue,

and so forth. Nothing is easier than to set up for a critic of this order; nothing, *expertis crede Robertis*, is harder than to qualify yourself for decision in each individual case as to what does and what does not deserve admission. Yet when a language, or when its chief users, decide that the difficulty shall be solved by ceasing to admit, that language is a *langue finie*.

PARRY'S JUDITH.

THE very remarkable success achieved at the Birmingham Festival last August by Dr. Hubert Parry's new oratorio, a success all the more noteworthy because it was obtained without recourse to any system of preliminary puffing, fully justified Messrs. Novello in selecting it for performance at the opening concert of their series of oratorios, which took place last Thursday week. In his choice of a subject Dr. Parry had a difficult task before him, for there is scarcely a connected chain of incidents either in the Old or the New Testament which has not been already treated musically. The story of Judith itself has been set by Dr. Arne, though nothing less fitting than the eighteenth-century composer's sweet and flowing melodies can be imagined for the purpose of illustrating the grim adventure of the Jewish heroine. But Dr. Parry has not confined himself to the more or less legendary story of the death of Holofernes and the siege of Bethulia; he has placed this event, following the rather exploded theory of Dean Prideaux, in the reign of Manasseh, and by depicting the fall of that monarch, and the subsequent rescue of Israel by Judith's exploit, has obtained enough dramatic material for an oratorio, without bringing into prominence the actual destruction of Holofernes at the hand of Judith. In this manner the action—to use a term inappropriate to oratorio—falls at once into two parts. The scene of the first is laid in the valley of Hinnom, where the people of Jerusalem with their king are assembled to worship Moloch. The priests of the god announce that he claims as a sacrifice the children of Manasseh, and, after a feeble remonstrance from the weak-minded monarch, messengers are sent to the palace to fetch them. The scene changes to the palace, where the Queen of Manasseh, Meshullemeth, is bewailing with her children the idolatry into which the country has fallen. The priests enter and lead the children away, and, after they are gone, Judith consoles the Queen, who is filled with forebodings as to their fate. The scene again changes to Hinnom, and the sacrifice is proceeded with. By one of those touches of true art, of which the work is full, the audience are left in ignorance as to whether the horrible rite is actually consummated, for the action is interrupted by Judith, who expostulates with the people and denounces Moloch, and when she herself is about to be seized, a messenger rushes in announcing that the Assyrian army is within the walls of the city. A wild Litany to Moloch alternates with the march of the approaching army; the Jews are scattered, and the first part ends with the pathetic lament:—"Jerusalem, that was queen of the nations, is brought low, her glory is gone. Her children are captives, and her heroes slain." Between the first and the second part Dr. Parry has introduced a short intermezzo for Manasseh, intended to represent his repentance in exile. The scene is then laid again at Jerusalem, where the Jews are mourning for the loss of their monarch. His return is announced by Meshullemeth, and his entry into Jerusalem is heralded by the rejoicings of the people. But immediately afterwards a messenger from Holofernes arrives, demanding the tribute from the conquered Jews. On his departure Judith resolves to destroy the Assyrian leader, and goes out of the city upon her adventure. Night falls, and Manasseh watches from the walls of Jerusalem to see what will happen in the camp of Holofernes. The figure of Judith is descried coming towards the city as the day breaks; with a shriek of triumph she lifts up the head of Holofernes, and the Jews join her in a concluding burst of exultation.

It will be seen from this meagre outline, that Dr. Parry has had some trouble in joining the two parts of his story, and has not altogether succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of the subject. The King, who becomes the central figure of the action, is at best a despicable individual, and Judith does not possess any marked individuality until too near the end of the work for her to leave any impression on the hearer. These defects are so obvious that they hardly seem worth mentioning; but the fact that they are almost the only blemishes which can be found in the work has forced them into undue prominence, and caused them to be more dwelt on than they deserve. Compared with all the libretti of Handel's oratorios, and most of those since his time, the book is a very good one; and certainly none can be found superior to it as a piece of literary workmanship. Dr. Parry (who is his own librettist) has written parts of it himself, and selected the remainder from the Old Testament and Apocrypha, and no higher praise can be paid him than to say that it is almost impossible to tell where the Bible language leaves off and his own begins.

But, good though the libretto is, its merits are exceeded by those of the music to which Dr. Parry has wedded it. In *Judith* he has achieved a real triumph, for he has given to the world what is without doubt the best oratorio since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. This is high praise; but no unprejudiced listener, either when the work was first produced at Birmingham, or when, under less favourable circumstances, it was performed last week in London, could deny that, since the masterpiece of the Leipzig master, any work of the same class had appeared so full from beginning to end of beautiful melody, or so spontaneous and fresh in character. Dr. Parry has not hitherto succeeded in taking rank as a popular composer; but those who have watched his progress, from his early songs down to his setting of Milton's "Ode at a Solemn Music," have never faltered in their belief in his power eventually to achieve a position in the first rank of musicians. Like all valiant men, he has gone through his "Sturm und Drang" period; but the real bent of his genius, which made itself first shown in the songs written in his school days, after being for a time obscured by influences which it was impossible he should not feel, and which (it may now be said) he is all the better for having felt, has declared itself in *Judith* in a manner which will be almost a revelation to those who had not closely watched his progress. To the lover of eccentricities and the seeker after new effects *Judith* will prove a disappointment. No new or startling combination of instruments can be discovered in it, and there is not a sensational bar from beginning to end. But, by means which are perfectly simple and eminently legitimate, the composer obtains results which are often missed by those who use far more ambitious and elaborate methods. *Judith*, as it stands, must meet with the approval of the veriest purist; and yet, at the same time, it is not built upon obsolete models. The extraordinary brilliance and broadness of the choruses, and the beauty and pathos of the solos, are the most obvious features of this remarkable work; but a closer examination reveals that much of the secret of the success of the oratorio lies in the manner in which Dr. Parry has used the science of which he is evidently a master, and that he has never for a moment forgotten that his learning is only a means to an end, and not the end itself. The very melody and breadth of the music may at first seem to some to diminish the dramatic interest of certain scenes; but it should be remembered that the best traditions of oratorio are entirely opposed to operatic treatment, which is really what is meant by many who clamour for dramatic expression in such music. *Judith* is certainly not operatic; dramatic it is in the best sense. Indeed, in the manner in which the composer has treated two incidents which might easily have been repulsive—namely, the sacrifice of the children and the murder of Holofernes—the work recalls strongly the restraint and reserve of the Greek drama.

Considering the length and character of the oratorio, there is surprisingly little in it which is unsatisfactory. Portions of some of the solos—especially those of Judith—are less interesting than the rest of the work; but they suffer more from contrast to the magnificent choruses than from any intrinsic defects. Fault has been found in some quarters with a bravura air for Manasseh, written in a curiously eighteenth-century style; but the song is so successful and effective that it may be forgiven for delaying the final climax. At last week's performance several cuts were made in the second part, which was found too long. Some of these were improvements, but too strong a protest cannot be made against the omission of part of the opening chorus of the part, by which the entire balance of one of the best numbers of the work was destroyed. The cut only consisted of twenty-six bars, and their loss could not be compensated for by the shorter time the performance took. Similarly in the final chorus a disastrous cut was made of some seven pages of the piano score, the omission of which detracted very seriously from the admirably worked-up climax. If the Sacrifice Scene in the opening part had been taken at the same pace as at Birmingham, which, it is to be presumed, represented the composer's idea, instead of being continually dragged and kept back, there can be no doubt that it would have been unnecessary to cut the work at all.

With the exception of this excessive slowness of the tempi, there was little to find fault with the performance. To Dr. Mackenzie and his choir the rehearsals had evidently been a labour of love, and the choral singing reflected great credit on both. The chorus displayed a curious tendency to pronounce the

name of the idol as if it were spelt "Mowloch," and the altos might with advantage be strengthened, their entries being occasionally rather unsteady; but the body of voices, on the whole, is a very fine one, and the singing was full of spirit. The orchestra was not so good, although under the leadership of Mr. Carrodus; the soloists were the same as at Birmingham, with the exception of Mr. Plunket Greene, a young baritone, with a fine voice, who replaced Mr. Santley, and of the two boys who sang the pathetic music of the children, in the scene with Meshullemeth in the first part. The work was received with the greatest enthusiasm by a very large audience, who would gladly have encored the chorus "Arise, O Israel," and the tenor air, "God breaketh the battle" (magnificently sung by Mr. Lloyd), although both numbers come nearly at the end of the oratorio. At the conclusion of the performance the composer was recalled repeatedly upon the platform, and loudly cheered by both audience and chorus. *Judith* is to be performed again to-day at the Crystal Palace by the same chorus and soloists.

ADULTERATION.

VIII.

IN our last article we dealt with three forms of the adulteration of wine—adulteration in the must, fortification by the adding of spirit, and flavouring. We now come to blending, which, perhaps, is the least objectionable form of wine adulteration. There is a demand for a certain article, nature does not produce it, and so the blender manufactures it by the results of his experience. He may confine himself to the mixing of wines of different characteristics, and when he does this he is a comparatively harmless person; but we are afraid that he usually calls spirit and sugar to his aid. Many wines are far too valuable to be sold in open market for consumption, and command a higher price for blending purposes, as, for instance, the Soleras, the virgin sherries, previously referred to.

We next come to imitation wines—that is to say, liquids sold as wine, but containing no grape-juice. These, we admit, are exceedingly rare. But there is no doubt that claret is frequently turned into port, white wine into red, and light wine into sherry. Hamburg, Bingen, and Certe are the chief centres of this delightful industry. Fuchsine is used for colouring cheap red wines. Now fuchsine and other aniline dyes are distinctly noxious; but then the colour is superb, and, what is more to the point with the enterprising manufacturers, it costs very little. Lead is occasionally found in wine; but we are bound to say that, as a rule, it is merely a trace, from the accidental presence of shot in a bottle. Litharge, in days gone by, used to be added to wine in France as a sweetener to acid wine, and sugar of lead was the result, from the acetic acid contained in the wine.

PORT.

Port wine, when young, is astringent, the stalks not being removed from the vats. As soon as primary fermentation has ceased, spirit is added; and, if the must is not sweet enough, sugar goes into it. If the must is deficient in colour, dried elderberries or black cherries are trodden into it. It is authoritatively stated by Drs. Thudicum and Dupré that no port wine is imported into this country which contains less than three gallons of brandy to the pipe; and some ports are said to contain as much as seventeen gallons of this spirit. It is needless to say that such wine must be extremely deleterious, unless old in bottle. One per cent. of proof spirit *in addition* is added to port wine on shipment. If deficient in colour, the wine is now treated in this country with jerupiga, which is extensively imported into this country, and expressly prepared for the adulteration of port wine. Now jerupiga is a compound consisting of the juice of elderberries, brown sugar, unfermented grape-juice, and brandy. Port wines are manipulated at Oporto by the addition of inferior imported wines. Much Catalan is sold as port, and is described as "a full-bodied invalid's wine." Dr. Hassall tells us that "the brilliancy of its colour is sometimes increased by means of alum; and if turbid it is cleared by gypsum; while increased astringency is imparted by means of oak sawdust." Bouquet is usually added to satisfy the more exacting connoisseur; and salt of tartar to produce a crust, "recommended for laying down." Fictitious crusts have even been placed in the bottles, and the corks dyed. There is a touching ingenuity in the following process:—To get a crusted port wine, place the bottled wine in warm water, raise gradually to boiling point, replace in cellar, "when it soon deposits a crust which might pass for the growth of years." The manufacture of sham port has reached such a pitch that spoiled cider has actually been converted into spurious port.

The following recipes are given by Dr. Hassall from the *Publican's Guide*:—

The cask is to be well sulphured, then take
12 gallons strong port
3 gallons Cognac brandy
6 gallons proof spirit
42 gallons good rough cider.

Making in all a compound at the rate of 18s. per gallon.

The second prescription is probably for a *fruity* wine, an *invalid's* port:—

45 gallons cider
6 gallons brandy
2 gallons of a decoction of sloes
8 gallons of port wine.

To increase the colour, tincture of red sanderswood or cudbear must be added. The wine (Heaven save the mark!) is to be bottled in a few days, and a teaspoonful of powdered catechu added to each bottle to give an astringent flavour, and to ensure a fine crust; lastly, in order to give an appearance of age, the ends of the corks are to be stained by soaking them in a strong decoction of Brazil wood containing a little alum.

Port wine is somewhat out of fashion, and the light wines of France and Germany have taken its place; and yet genuine port wine, both good and cheap, is now easily obtainable, for, as in the case of Madeira, prices have fallen, and holders of large stocks are glad to sell for almost anything. Men have long ceased to lay down port as a duty or as a speculation.

SHERRY.

Sherry is prepared from the thoroughly ripened fruit. The wine is not drawn off for four or five months after the beginning of fermentation. If it is to be brown sherry, arropo, syrup of sherry—i.e. the wine boiled down—is added. If amontillado is wanted, the fruit is gathered early. "No natural sherry" (say Thudicum and Dupré) "ever contains more than 12 per cent. alcohol." A few amontillados, however, analysed by these gentlemen contained as much as 13.6 per cent. We often read about natural sherry, but we fear we seldom see it. So-called natural sherry is very frequently virgin or Solera sherry, and is sometimes so bitter that it scarcely resembles a wine at all.

Fortified sherries strengthened, sweetened, blended, fortified with spirit, coloured, and flavoured are the rule. Fortified sherries contain nearly 40 per cent. of proof spirit, whereas a glass of spirits and water—a wineglass to the tumbler—usually contains from 16 to 20 per cent. only. The adulterations referred to are all performed at Zerez.

Sherry is a very compound fluid. Let us take some wine of 1860:—

1 jar of spirit 60 over proof
8 jars of Dulce (or wine made from raisins)
7 jars of Soleras, or strong old wine
10 jars of dry wine of 1854
14 jars of dry wine of 1859
40 jars of new sherry.

Thus the sherry and the additions are in equal proportions—namely, 40 jars.

Cette is celebrated for its cheap sherry exported to England. It consists of the commonest white wine, strengthened with brandy, coloured with treacle, and flavoured with almonds. It has been alleged, but not proved, that manzanilla sherry is produced by the addition to ordinary wine of essential oil of camomile and other noxious ingredients. Anyhow there is no doubt that manzanilla and other sherries of like type are "doctored" and adulterated with chemical compounds to such an alarming extent as to render them absolutely dangerous to the unhappy consumer.

MEDAL NIGHT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LAST Monday night, in spite of the first bad fog of the season, a considerable company were gathered together in the lecture-room of the Royal Academy. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft received his diploma as full Academician, and the Forty went through the solemn, though agreeable, farce of re-electing Sir Frederick Leighton to be their President. But it was not these perfunctory ceremonies which collected a crowd of students and visitors, but the annual awarding of premiums and medals. No part of the work of the Royal Academy is better done, or deserves more general appreciation, than its wise distribution of the benefactions of which it is a trustee; and these yearly distributions of prizes are particularly interesting to those who wish to place their finger on the very pulse of English art. The company sits, as we have said, to listen to the list of prizemen and to the President's remarks. There are probably many who, like ourselves, consider Sir Frederick Leighton, in his more ornate and elaborate orations, seldom quite so happy as when he stands up on an occasion like this, and, in perfect simplicity, is moved to console, to reprove, and to commend. When this little ceremony is over, the company circulates through the galleries to inspect the competing works and to congratulate the victors.

The first room in the Royal Academy is dedicated on these occasions to the Creswick prize. This consists of 30*l.*, the proceeds of a legacy bequeathed for an annual oil-landscape, by Miss Creswick, sister of the famous landscape-painter. This is always a favourite competition with the students, and about a dozen large landscapes contended for the suffrages of the Royal Academy this year. The subject was "A Village Green." We confess that none of these pictures appeared to us to be of high merit. Some were poor indeed; the best were crude. That which gained the prize has certain qualities—the background recedes with intelligible change of place, the figures in strong light have a natural air—but it is, after all, a juvenile performance. Many of the landscape students seem to have subjected themselves to French influences, without boldly adopting a French key of colour, and they produce a rude product of the brush, with watery grass and unsubstantial earth. If these landscapes are typical of the best that young England is now painting, our pre-eminence in landscape is likely to be lost.

The figure was much better represented on Monday night. The studies of a head from life were remarked upon by Sir Frederick Leighton as particularly excellent. A fine ecstatic head of an

elderly man, painted with peculiar delicacy, easily secured the first medal in this class for Mr. S. B. Carhill; but the second medal, for a head very rich in colour, was well deserved; and a third head was so brilliant that the Academy, following a very rare precedent, admitted a *proxime accessit*. So much praise could certainly not be awarded to the monochrome sketch of a design for a figure-picture, a prize which the Academy owes to the munificence of one of its own members, Mr. Armitage. Very few, if any, of these designs rose above the level of spirited drawings for a family magazine; indeed, in most of them, the tradition of Biblical illustration—since the theme was “The Raising of Lazarus”—had evidently hopelessly confined the imagination of the student. The design for this prize which we preferred did not obtain the first or even the second medal. Perhaps closer examination than we had time to give would reveal technical imperfections in it. But it had a striking quality of imagination. The Christ stood at some distance from the rocky tomb, in the dark tunnel-like entrance of which a sort of apparition, shrouded and bound, slowly seemed to emerge into the glaring light of a wide and barren Syrian landscape. With this exception, which might be an accident, we looked in vain for originality among these oil-sketches. Among the painted life-studies from the nude were several of marked excellence, and there was evidence of really surprising brush-power in the figure of a man by Mr. Maud, which obtained this prize. There was no touch of youthful inexperience in this spirited piece of painting.

In his opening address the President regretted that the first medal had not been awarded this year to any charcoal drawing from the nude, and appealed to the students to give a fuller attention to the development of this essential portion of their training. The drawings he referred to were found to be very numerous, and to show what seemed, to an outsider, almost a plethora of skill and careful work. Yet, in making an academic study from the nude, there is no question that, with care, a certain level of merit is easily gained. The student becomes an adept at making a photographic copy of the forms he sees before him. To get beyond this, to represent the tiny points which are required to give full artistic value to the forms, and which escape the commonplace observer, this is difficult indeed; and, when we consider the extraordinary importance of study from the nude, we cannot blame the Royal Academy for rigorously refusing to lower their standard of executive excellence. Some sound and picturesque drawings won the second, third, and fourth prizes, and consoled the students for failing to secure the first.

In only two departments have the women come prominently forward this year. Miss Alice Dicker has won a first silver medal for a charming head from life, in charcoal; and Miss Ella Brown has made something like a *furor* among artists by her drawing from a work of ancient sculpture, in which she has easily beaten all the men. Her drawing is one of those extremely simple things which look as if they were the result of chance, and really display an exquisitely distinguished feeling for simplicity and a most refined hand. It is a profile of the Milo Venus; but its originality consists entirely in the treatment. The drawings around it were all of the old-fashioned class, stippled up with dark shadows, and apparently made to look as much as possible like the steel engravings of modern sculpture which used to adorn the plates of the *Art Journal* in its primitive and pre-artistic days. Miss Brown has gone on quite a different tack. Although working on a perfectly blank white ground, she has kept the tone of her statue as high as possible, and has expended her skill in relieving the white of the figure against the white background. She has done this by faint grey shadows, but so artfully that the delicate, rounded planes of the statue are expressed almost with a perfect illusion. This drawing, in a department which seldom attracts any general attention, enjoyed a great success on Monday night, and we are free to say that we do not remember a drawing from the antique that has ever given us greater satisfaction.

Sir Frederick Leighton, as he has done on several recent occasions, pointedly congratulated the sculptor students on the excellence of their work. There can be no question that the modellers show more accomplishment and a greater freshness of style than the painters; and, when we consider how vastly wider is the sphere of action of the latter, and what advantages of a popular kind they enjoy over the sculptors, it is not otherwise than remarkable that the depressed and unremunerative art of sculpture continues to flourish amongst us, at least so far as talent is concerned. How many of the brilliant young statuary which England now produces will presently be driven by poverty and lack of encouragement to resign themselves to other trades? is a question upon which we do not dare to allow ourselves to reflect; but we can well conceive that to some future generation of connoisseurs the surviving fragments of late Victorian sculpture may present greater attraction than its painting. Heavy will then be the responsibility lying on the memory of a generation which produced a noble school of art, and, out of sheer indifference, starved it. We will indulge no such melancholy reflections, but proceed to say that, in spite of the President's congratulations, and in spite of its obvious merits, the sculpture of the students this year does not appear to us quite so remarkable as of late. There is no new man this year with the distinction of Mr. Pomeroy, the imagination of Mr. Pegram, the power of Mr. Frampton. The honours of 1888 rest with a new student, Mr. Fehr, who gained the medal for three statuettes modelled from the life, and that for the single

figure in the round. Of his three statuettes, one, of a boy in a position of meditative repose, is certainly of extraordinary beauty; the other two, modelled with great care no doubt, are less pleasing, and perhaps less powerful. We were greatly delighted, on the other hand, with one of the three statuettes of the second prizeman, Mr. Rollins—a figure of an athlete, seated, grasping his ankle. Portions of this little statue are executed with a force and fire that would disgrace none of our most accomplished artists; but it is, perhaps, not uniformly vigorous throughout. On the whole, however, we much prefer this work of Mr. Rollins to Mr. Fehr's rendering of the same model. The bas-reliefs are not good this year; they show a considerable falling off in taste since the remarkable competition when Mr. Harry Bates carried off the gold medal for his really superb relief of the “Table of Socrates.” Most of the students' work in this department, this year, is of a scrambling and undignified design, oddly reminiscent of the engravings of the later Bolognese school, full of grotesque action and violent grimace. The prize was awarded to Mr. Nye, and although we cannot commend his design, it is certain that he has shown more sense than any of his competitors of the proper mode in which the receding planes of bas-relief should be treated.

The ordinary visitor to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy knows nothing about the work which is quietly done by the body in its elaborate and useful schools. It is well to recall to our memories now and then how extensive their benefits are, and how much time and trouble the members give to ensure the useful working of the system. Besides the prizes and medals, of which we have but mentioned a few of the more interesting, there are also the scholarships endowed from the very important bequest of the late Keeper of the Royal Academy, Mr. Charles Landseer. The official reports of the body give something under 6,000*l.* as the annual cost of keeping up the schools, and we understand that more than four hundred students, all, it must be recollected, chosen after a tolerably severe examination, are now in enjoyment of the education it offers. These facts should not be forgotten by those who, like ourselves, have never hesitated to repeat home-truths to the Academicians.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE DRAMA.

II.

TO style the present state of the drama a Renaissance is to arrogate to it a resuscitation of intellectual activity such as marked the revival of learning in the great movement which we know by that name; but it would be difficult to establish, except in the smallest particulars, the parallel which the phrase implies. It was the re-discovery of the literary and artistic glories of the classic past that made the Renaissance possible; it was by the study of the antique so discovered and by its application to their own arts and literatures that the master minds of the Renaissance perfected their works. Through every phase of that mighty revolution, religious, political, literary, and artistic, we find the same characteristic—a diligent and reverent study of the past animating and informing the production of the present and progress into the future. A movement, then, which treats with but scant courtesy the achievements of our ancestors differs most essentially from that with which it is attempted to connect the present condition of the stage. The fact is the “Renaissance of the Drama” is a phrase of pleasant sound and pleasant import, especially to such as can maintain with more or less grounds of truth that they have had some share in establishing the existing state of affairs; but it is a phrase and little more. The “literary gentleman” in *Nicholas Nickleby* defined “fame” in the memorable words, “When I dramatize a book, sir, that's fame—for its author.” Similarly there are gentlemen, literary and theatrical, nowadays who tell us that, from the date when they began to take an active part in the affairs of the stage, began also (by a curious coincidence) the Dramatic Renaissance. Such glorification of the stage is on the well-known principle of “one for you and two for myself.” It is unfortunate that much of the contemporary history of the stage is written in this spirit; but it would be unreasonable to expect those who have largely profited, whether in purse or reputation, or in both, by the existing system to regard its defects with a judicial and impartial eye. To establish this view, both of the present and of the past, its adherents are driven to overstate their case on both sides; to exaggerate the shortcomings of the stage as it was and its perfections as it is. The points on which the theatre to-day can fairly take credit for improvement are in the main mere details; in weightier matters there is small reason for self-congratulation.

The new school (to which some humourist years ago applied the nickname of “Teacup and Saucer”) may be said to date from the production of Robertson's plays at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre. Any one now witnessing for the first time *Society*, the earliest of these works, would fail to understand how it could possibly mark an epoch in the history of the stage; for it is slight and thin in plot, loose and straggling in construction, and its dialogue, though smart and amusing, displays no literary excellence. Notwithstanding the shortcomings of this and other works of the same author, there was a thoroughness in the way in which they were presented which arrested the attention of the public. At this time Charles Kean and Phelps had retired from management. Robson was recently dead, Fechter's popularity

was on the wane; there was in London no theatre possessing to any marked extent a clientèle or following of its own. Gradually it became known that at the little theatre close to Tottenham Court Road was to be seen an entertainment such as had not for many years been within the reach of the London playgoer. In the best performances of the then existing school the minor parts had long been accustomed to receive very slovenly treatment. Very good acting was to be seen, no doubt, but alongside of it there was an abundance of acting so bad as to repel the most cultivated tastes. The thorough grounding in the business of the stage which the old system gave was, as a general rule, purchased at the expense of the capacity to reproduce the manners, appearance, and dress of ladies and gentlemen. There were exceptions to this, as to every rule; but those by whom the tone of good society was successfully reproduced were in a woeful minority, even among the leading performers, especially of the male sex. Women are ever more ready to adapt their manners to altered circumstances, and to catch the tone of their surroundings, than men; and it was among the actors that the most hopeless cases were found. Who can forget, who ever saw them, how grotesquely unlike English gentlemen were many of the "light comedians" and "walking gentlemen" of the period of which we speak. Of the exceptions to the rule it used to be said, with some wonder, that they resembled what they represented, and as the highest praise it would be added that they were "like French actors." The subtleties of polite society were not to be acquired by those who, mostly sprung from theatrical parents, had passed their youth, sometimes their very childhood, in the atmosphere of the theatre, and who had acquired the knowledge of their art in the rough novitiate of country theatres; the improved tone of the contemporary stage is largely due to the influx of many who are by birth and education enabled without difficulty to do what was beyond the powers of the rank and file of the earlier generation, no matter how clever or industrious they might be. The modern manager has at his command the means of peopling his drawing-room scenes with ladies and gentlemen as true to nature as the very scenes in which they are called upon to move; but, when more is required of the modern actor than to take part in a moving *tableau vivant* of contemporary manners, when the business of the scene, and the very words of the author, require the delineation of those passions which it is the first aim of polite education and of society to repress, the modern school of acting proclaims its weakness. The actor who has been at a public school, at a University, or in the army, will, however indifferent his histrionic capabilities may be, at any rate look like a gentleman, dress like a gentleman, and behave like a gentleman; he will not present in ordinary morning dress the appearance of a bagman, evening dress will not transform him into the semblance of a waiter; he may not be—he very frequently is not—any better actor than his predecessor of the last generation, but he is, at any rate, in the long run no worse, and even if he be worse, his faults will offend less against good taste; he is pleasanter to look upon, and his sins being more sins of omission than of commission, are more easily condoned by audiences apter to mark social solecisms than artistic shortcomings.

The presence on the stage of the actor of the new school, of improved social antecedents and accomplishments, is a proof of the altered views of society not merely towards the stage, or even towards the artistic professions generally, but to the whole question of the dignity of labour. Time was, and not so very long ago, when the army and navy, the Church and the Bar, constituted the sum total of the callings which were considered worthy of the younger sons of good families; a strange contrast to these days when peers of the realm send cabs decorated with their coronets and initials to ply for hire in the streets, and ladies of equally high rank keep milliners' shops. In such levelling times, when the classes to whom work was once supposed to be derogatory have invaded all the moneymaking callings, commercial and artistic, it is natural that the stage, long regarded as an elegant means of amusement by the dilettante class, should receive at least its fair share of such recruits. A period of false and inflated prosperity set in, from which the stage is now only in some respects recovering—the prices of admission to theatres, the salaries of actors, increased manifold; the managers of theatres being but human, and moreover Englishmen, proved themselves to be by no means above the national weakness of dearly loving a lord, or even the relation or acquaintance of a lord; and so it came about that, instead of drawing their minor actors, as of old, from the provincial stage, they sought them among fashionable amateurs at the five o'clock tea-tables of Belgravia. The falling off in the artistic standard of the provinces, caused by the substitution of the touring companies for the stock system (to which we lately called attention) helped to confirm London managers in their course of policy; as it was impossible to obtain anything but a very unfinished article in the theatrical market, they considered it better that that article should at any rate be of the best fashionable material; and so far as their judgment served them they made their engagements accordingly.

The stage is not necessarily in any healthier condition (as some would have us believe) because a larger percentage of its followers are of gentle birth and education; indeed, the highest honours of their profession have generally been attained by actors in whom, as Hazlitt says, "the strong impulses of nature are not lost in the refinement and glosses of art"; but on the

contemporary stage there is little call for delineation of the passions of tragedy. With the modern race of actors has sprung up a modern school of acting and of playwriting, founded on that habit of self-repression which is a distinguishing characteristic of good social manners—whether they be natural or acquired. Starting with the praiseworthy intention of reforming the slovenly neglect of detail which was practically universal in English theatres, the new school has brought about the apotheosis of detail to the extinction of all else. The observation of modern actors is nice and exact, but observation by itself will not produce the highest results of the actor's art; for that is required the exercise of the imagination, tempered by constant practice and carefully systematized training. We have already had occasion to note how lacking in variety is the practice, how unworthy of the name is the training, of the actor of to-day, and can therefore judge at what a disadvantage he stands, as compared with his predecessors, of what believers in a "Renaissance" tell us to regard as "dark ages," in attempting to represent the robust or more poetical drama of an earlier date.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Smithfield Club Cattle Show this year is perhaps the best that has ever been held. Certainly it is the largest. Compared with ten years ago, there is an increase of 138 in the number of cattle, of 41 in the number of sheep, and of 23 in the number of pigs, making a total increase of 202. And there is a handsome increase also compared with last year. It is satisfactory to add that the provincial shows have likewise been more largely attended; and it would appear that everywhere cattle shows are growing in popularity. In spite of the bad weather at the beginning of the week there was a very gratifying attendance of visitors at Islington; and at Birmingham the receipts were very much larger than on the corresponding days of last year. To a large extent, no doubt, this growing popularity is a matter of fashion. The patronage of the Queen and the Prince of Wales attracts the attention of Society to the shows; and, where Society goes, the rest of the world follows. But, though the unvarying patronage of the Queen and Prince of Wales no doubt has an effect upon the exhibitors also, it does not account for the increase in the number of animals sent to the shows all over the country. That is evidence of a more enlightened interest being taken in agriculture, of a desire on the part of great landowners and leading cattle-farmers to contribute their quota in experimentalizing and encouraging good methods of farming. It is inferred in some quarters from the large number of animals exhibited that already agricultural depression has come to an end and improvement has set in. That, however, is more than is warranted by the facts. Amongst the exhibitors at Islington this week were found the Queen, the Prince of Wales, five dukes, one marquess, and a large number of other peers. These great personages have never been affected by the agricultural depression in such a manner as to prevent them from feeding for the shows. On the contrary, the very extent of the depression would prompt them to do what they could to improve agriculture. And the rules of the various shows encourage the growth of professional exhibitors. The agricultural returns lately published prove that 1887 was an exceedingly bad year for cattle-farming. The spring was cold and dry, the summer was dry and hot. In consequence, feeding for cattle was scarce and dear, and large numbers of farmers were obliged to sell their beasts before they were properly fit for the butcher. The spring of this year, again, was exceedingly severe, and therefore was unfavourable to lambing. The result is a decrease in all kinds of cattle. Still there are facts which go to prove that the agricultural depression has at last reached its worst, and even that there are symptoms of improvement. Rents and wages have fallen very much; so have the prices of manure. In short, the cost of cultivation has now greatly fallen, probably as much as the prices of produce, and at last, as a consequence, there is a greater demand than there was for farms. But, however this may be, there is no doubt that the number of animals exhibited at Islington this year is larger than ever before, and likewise that their quality has rarely been equalled. The Devons, the Herefords, the Polled breeds, and the Cross-breeds are especially fine. Perhaps the Devons stand first. In numbers they are fewer than last year, but they make up in quality for what is wanting in quantity. Two or three whole classes were recommended by the judges. And it is another illustration of the excellence of the exhibition of this breed that, out of thirteen animals sent by the Queen, she has obtained no fewer than ten prizes. Lastly, it is to be noted that a Devon carries off the Champion Prize. Only once before has the Challenge Cup been won by a Devon, and that is now twenty-two years ago. As the work to be done by the judges was heavy, the official decision was not given till about 5 o'clock. In the interval there was much uncertainty as to what the award would be. There was no special favourite, but opinion hesitated between at least four very fine animals. The award reversed the decision at Birmingham. Indeed, the Birmingham champion is not even second. And so completely contrary is it to the judgment at Norwich that the champion there only got the first prize in his class at Islington, not being awarded even the first prize for his breed. We are accustomed to reversals at Islington of provincial, and especially of Birmingham, awards; but it is unsatisfactory that no explana-

tion is given of the grounds on which the judges decide. It ought to be possible for the great Societies to agree upon some broad principles from which a few general rules might be drawn. No doubt differences of opinion must occur where there are different judges; but the differences, we should think, might be lessened if beforehand there was agreement as to the principles upon which the decision should rest. And, in any case, some explanation ought to be forthcoming as to the leading principles upon which the decisions rest.

The chief value of these shows is the educational influence they exercise. But their educational influence cannot be great if there is uncertainty as to the principles upon which awards are made. If such explanation were forthcoming from the judges both at Birmingham and at Islington it would have high value for the practical agriculturist. But there is another point in reference to this award of the Championship Prize as to which we think it would be desirable to have information. It will, of course, be understood that we are not putting our own opinion against that of the judges, or, indeed, in any way calling in question the correctness of their decision. But the matters involved are of very great interest to cattle-farmers. The contest this week was in the last resort between a Devon steer, to which the prize was awarded, and a Cross-bred heifer, which was awarded the 50*l.* Cup as the best cow or heifer in the Show. This heifer is an exceedingly beautiful animal. She is fifteen months younger than the prize steer, and she weighs only about 2 cwt. less. The object of all enlightened farmers at present is to shorten to the utmost the time within which animals are fattened. It is notorious that cattle increase in weight more rapidly when young than when old, and it is obvious that every day during which the beast is to be fed after it has arrived at maturity is sheer waste. Indeed, the Smithfield Club has already done good work in encouraging early maturing of cattle. One would expect, therefore, that the heifer of only twenty-one months, weighing within two hundredweight as much as the steer fifteen months older, would have been preferred. It would be extremely instructive if we had an explanation of the grounds on which this natural expectation has been disappointed. Again the champion steer was exhibited at the Agricultural Hall last year, and since then it has gone the round of the provincial shows. Do the judges take this fact into account? Are they of opinion that it is well, in the interest of good agriculture, that feeding for the express purpose of obtaining prizes should be encouraged? Or do they not? Further, it would be interesting to learn whether they attach any importance to the fact that an animal is fed and exhibited by its breeder. All these points it would be interesting to have elucidated. An explanation respecting them would clearly help farmers in contending against the difficulties they have now to battle with. But we must not dwell longer on this award. The Champion Prize, as we have said, was awarded to a Devon, and the same animal carried off the Silver Cup as best steer or ox in the Hall, and first prizes as the best of its breed and the best of its class. In a word, it took all the honours which a single beast could win. The Cross-bred heifer, of which we have spoken, was awarded the Cup as best heifer or cow, and the first prize both in her breed and in her class. Altogether the Cross-breeds are an exceedingly fine exhibition, and they are remarkable in some other respects. For example, Lord Tankerville exhibits a steer, which is a cross between a Chillingham wild cow and a Shorthorn bull. This cross was undertaken to test the theory put forward by the late Mr. Storer that Shorthorns are descended from the original wild cattle of this country. But though the animal attracted much popular interest, it is passed over without notice by the judges. And there is another remarkable cross between a Hereford and a Polled Angus, which the week before was exhibited at Birmingham. The Polled breeds are likewise a fine exhibition; but they have not met with the success at Islington which was expected. One of them carried off the Elkington Challenge Cup at Birmingham the other day, while at one of the principal American shows another of the breed was likewise successful. But at Islington the Birmingham animal was not even reserved. Still, as we have said, the exhibition of this breed, taken altogether, is a very fine one, and another time it will doubtless meet with greater success. The breed has been steadily rising in public favour on both sides of the Atlantic for some time past. As in the case of cattle there is also a handsome increase in the number of sheep. Last year the total number of sheep exhibited was 183, this year it is 197. But the increase is chiefly in the short-wooled sections. Mr. A. S. Berry, who took the highest honours at Birmingham, likewise carries everything before him at the Agricultural Hall. His pen of wethers was awarded the Cup as the best of the breed, and the Champion Plate as the best pen in the whole Show. Sheep have decreased in numbers during the past twenty years. Of late, unfavourable climatic conditions, as well as the great fall in the price of wool, have been unfavourable to the breeding and fattening of sheep. It is satisfactory to find, then, some evidence of improvement with respect to them. The exhibition of pigs is also very fine. The championship has been won by the Duke of Hamilton with three entries of the black breed.

The *Times* on Wednesday published some tables which excellently illustrate how some breeds have risen during the past twenty years in popularity, while others have fallen off. The present year's Smithfield Show exhibits an increase in regard to numbers of as much as 650 per cent. in the Scotch Polled cattle,

compared with the Show of 1868. And the Cross-breeds have increased in the same time 130 per cent. On the other hand, the Devons have fallen off 37 per cent., and the Shorthorns 8 per cent. From this, of course, it must not be inferred that there has been a decline in the quality either of Devons or of Shorthorns, but rather that the value for feeding purposes of the Scotch breeds and Cross-breeds has gradually risen. At the same time, those tables bring clearly before us the fact that cattle are now brought to maturity much earlier than they formerly were. There is no doubt that the Smithfield Club has contributed to this result by excluding older cattle. And there is equally little doubt that the benefit to our farmers is very great. As we observed above, the cost of feeding is obviously lessened the shorter is the time which the process takes. Further, it appears to be clearly established that the weight of animals increases much more rapidly in the early years than in the later years. But if it be true that the Smithfield Club has contributed to this result, it is all the more pity that the Club does not use the great influence which it wields for some other purposes which have frequently been advocated by us. For instance, no question is of greater importance to practical farmers than that of the best modes of feeding. At present the farmer has to find out for himself what feeding yields the best results. And it would be of incalculable service to him if information could be provided, drawn from sufficiently numerous and sufficiently varied sources to be fairly trustworthy, as to the kinds of feeding that prove best. We have suggested on previous occasions, and we would once more submit the suggestion to the Club, that in future the method of feeding should in some way or other be taken into consideration when awarding prizes. At all events, exhibitors should be required to state when entering their animals what the animals had been fed on. In a very few years statements of the kind would acquire extraordinary value. We should be able to see what feeding was the most successful in fattening, and we should be able to see also what foods best agree with particular breeds. There is no serious difficulty to be overcome, while the object aimed at is great enough to justify the Club in putting exhibitors to some trouble. Never has British agriculture more needed guidance and assistance than at present, and the guidance here pointed out would clearly be of very great value.

THE DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER AND CO.

IT is a commercial age; and in the farce which is being played at the Haymarket Theatre under the above title Mr. A. H. Heathcote supplies an imaginative sketch of the state of things that may be expected to arise if practicalness becomes much further developed. A connexion with trade was once considered an insurmountable bar to the aspirations of men and women, however wealthy, who sought social consideration; but the Duchess of Bayswater in this play has altered all that, and decreed that not to be connected with trade is to be utterly out of the fashion. She herself is the soul of business, and her family take after her, His Grace being a model of all that a son and a Duke should be, from this point of view; for he is indefatigable, a bagman who travels in everything and works with the most praiseworthy, not to say exasperating, energy on all occasions. When first seen he is in his shirt-sleeves measuring the grounds of the hotel at which he and his mother are staying, with the object of ascertaining whether the building can be shifted to what he thinks a better site; but from this lofty project he readily descends to recommend a parasol with a patent frame to a young lady also staying in the hotel, to whom he is introduced, and when her father, Sir Jeremy Jobs, appears in his bath-chair—for Sir Jeremy supposes himself to be an invalid—he is induced to give an order for a suit of sanitary clothing and improved springs to his chair, almost before he has finished his ceremonial bows. There is the shadow of a plot, dealing with the love affairs of Sir Jeremy's daughter. The girl wants to marry a young man who is objectionable to her father because he inherits a fortune made by the sale of tinned lobster, the bare notion of which distresses the dyspeptic knight; but the object of the farce is to afford Mr. Brookfield and Miss Rose Leclercq opportunities of representing the eminently commercial Duchess and her son. Mr. Brookfield gives a most diverting study of a model he has found behind the counter, tempered by some consideration for the ways and habits of the fashionable young man of the day. The Duke is at once deferential and brisk; he listens with a placid smile while his eye glances round in search of some article of his interlocutor's attire or belongings for which he can suggest an improved substitute. The idea is, in fact, very amusingly conceived and very cleverly and thoroughly carried out. Miss Leclercq, suave and dignified, but business-like before all else, makes an excellent Duchess. The subdued pride with which she describes the curious occupations her sons and daughters are following, winding up with the two girls who are well placed behind the counter in railway refreshment-bars, is quite touching. Mr. Heathcote would have done well to place his Duke as the central figure in some sort of story, for the piece is almost too thin and slight; besides, we should like to see how the Duke would comport himself in an emergency; but the trifle fully answers its purpose.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF STRATFORD CANNING.*

STRATFORD CANNING was born in November 1786, and he died in August 1880. When a lad he had heard the late Professor Smythe talk of a young Scotchman who, from a Border ballad or two, was thought by a small circle of friends to have a turn for poetry. This poet was Walter Scott. A year before his death Lord Stratford de Redcliffe sent some lines of his own to the *Times*, commemorating the heroism of Melville and Coghill after Isandlana. During a large part of the interval which separates these two incidents Canning was actively employed in the service of his country at Vienna and St. Petersburg, in Greece, Switzerland, Denmark, the United States, and, as few persons need be reminded, at Constantinople. He was brought in contact with Emperors and Kings, with captains of armies, with poets and with refugees, and with some of the keenest intellects of the East and the West. If he had proved himself to be a diplomatist slightly above the average in skill and success, and if he had never had to deal with such events as the Treaty of Bucharest, the delimitation of Greece, the wars and aggressions of one empire and the internal reforms of another, his experience in so many different quarters of the globe would certainly have justified the publication of a Life and Memoirs. But the third great Canning was no ordinary diplomatist, sent abroad to tell stories for the good of his country. And fortunately for students of history as well as for statesmen, a vast mass of material has fallen into the hands of a gentleman who has converted them into a biography of the very first rank. Mr. Lane-Poole has not been bewildered or oppressed by piles of papers. He knows how to winnow, select, compress, and expand. He has made his way with judgment and tact through blue-books, despatches, private correspondence, histories, and the reminiscences of subordinates and friends. His task has been facilitated by Memoirs written by Canning himself at an advanced period of his life, which, we agree with the biographer in thinking, evince nothing of the feebleness or garrulity of old age. An excellent table of contents enables the reader to trace rapidly the sequence of political events and to refresh his memory whenever an incident, an individual, or a place, require reference or identification. There is also a very fair index. And a life of surpassing interest in itself has been rendered doubly attractive by luminous order, by judicious selection of material, by careful workmanship, and by literary grace and scholarly diction. Mr. Lane-Poole is doubtless prepared for some difference of opinion at strictures, express or implied, on the performances or non-performances of other deceased statesmen who filled a large space in their day. But in no one page is there a hasty or acrimonious judgment. There is not a trace of personality or a whiff of scandal. Dates are not misplaced nor names misspelt. The transliteration of Oriental names avoids the extremes of rudeness and of pedantry. And it is characteristic of the care bestowed on the press that we have discovered only one or two misprints. In some clever hexameters addressed to his friend Fazakerley, the Eton scholar certainly wrote *Vectus trans æquora prorsus*, and not *victus*, as in the Life.

Of the descent, early life, and training of Stratford Canning we have some interesting particulars. A certain austere Counsellor Canning, descended from the Cannings of Garvagh, in Derry, was the father of three brothers, who appear to have been left to make their own way in the world as best they could. Of these three, the eldest became the father of the orator and statesman, and the youngest left, amongst other children, a son named Stratford after himself. Young Canning, who lost his father in his childhood, went to Eton from a very rough private school at Hackney, became a proficient in the classics, played against Byron in the first Eton and Harrow cricket match, was captain of the school in 1806, went on to King's College, Cambridge, and while at the University and before taking his degree was appointed to a situation in the Foreign Office, doubtless through the influence of his first cousin, the Minister. After a short period of service as Second Secretary at Copenhagen, he was sent to Constantinople; and in 1810, owing to the sudden illness and departure of his chief Mr. Adair, he found himself, when only twenty-four, "in the responsible position of Minister Plenipotentiary at the Porte." The world was then influenced by young and taciturn diplomats and not by garrulous and senile rhetoricians. Here commenced that series of diplomatic contests with which Canning's name will be inseparably linked. Six times in his life did he represent British interests at Constantinople, and it is impossible in the space allotted to us to give a full summary of his work. It must be studied in the animated pages of Mr. Lane-Poole. Canning at the Porte had two main objects of which he never lost sight. He was determined to curb the ambition of Russia, and at the same time to deprive the Emperor of all pretext for interference, by renovating or reforming the whole Turkish Empire. He was never deceived by the smooth assurances of the Orloffs or Titoffs; and he never quite despaired of Sultan or Pasha. Nothing is more remarkable in his Memoirs and Correspondence than his estimation of the miserable effects of Turkish

misrule. The Sultan was immoral and cruel; Ministers were hopelessly blind or obstructive; the revenue was collected on unsound principles; punishments were barbarous; the Government was "rotten to the core," and the average Turk was well nigh as unspeakable in 1820 as he was found to be by Mr. Gladstone a few years back. Canning never credited the Oriental nature with unlikely and incongruous virtues, as some Residents and Agents have done in India and elsewhere. He was sorely tried by the exasperating formulas, *Bakalum*—"We shall see," and *Bukra*—"To-morrow," used by every functionary, with the exception of Reshid Pasha, who wished to do nothing or to find an excuse for delay. But he never for a moment forgot the main purpose of his mission, and though constantly sighing for a seat in Parliament and for active employment in England, though longing for the time when he should shake off the dust of Constantinople from his feet, he was ready to go back to Therapia at the call of duty. Whenever he left the Bosphorus it was with the regrets of the sovereign and his subjects. When he returned it was to pursue the same unflinching purpose, to encounter the same obstacles, and to win fresh triumphs over Russian duplicity and Turkish apathy and sloth. But any notice of his life would be misleading without some mention of his services in other high posts. Before and after the Congress of Vienna he was our Minister at Berne. At first, Switzerland, with its glaciers, cascades, high mountains, and limpid streams, was quite a paradise. Tell, of course, was a hero; Sempach and Morgarten were scenes of ennobled patriotism; and the simplicity of Swiss manners produced its full effect on Canning's generous soul. But after a time Republican manners ceased to attract. There was not much to do, and what there was proved rather tame. There was, in fact, an office without business, and there was restraint without occupation. The spirit of democracy made itself offensively felt. When a cart met a carriage, the latter, even the Minister's, had to give way. The winter was trying, and this part of the diplomatist's career was saddened by the death of his first wife. He was glad to exchange the isolation of Berne for the more stormy post of Minister at Washington. The biographer says justly that the sternness and decision requisite at Constantinople, where the Russian had to be confronted and the Turk compelled to act, was duly exchanged for "urbane conciliation." American sensibilities were then easily roused. The language of the President and of his Secretary of State was now and then discourteous and almost insulting. There were sundry public questions to be settled, such as the external traffic in slaves, where a diplomatic blunder might have been productive of serious consequences. Canning proved quite equal to the occasion. The climate of Washington, however, was trying, and at some periods of the year there was no society at all. Still this part of the biography contains some good remarks on the national character, notes of a pleasant tour in the Northern States and in Canada, and one or two new and amusing anecdotes of Transatlantic manners. After three years' experience and a brief holiday at home Canning was sent on a special mission to St. Petersburg. Here the qualities of the astute, reserved, unfathomable diplomatist again came into play. The boundary between British and Russian territory in North America had to be settled, and the Emperor was anxious to "mediate," as he phrased it, between the Greeks and the Turks. A very striking illustration of the way in which Canning prepared himself for an encounter of wits with such an antagonist as Nesselrode, is given in a Memorandum which the ambassador drew up for his own guidance and to avoid misapprehension and mistakes. Nothing was left to chance. Points of contact as well as points of divergence were carefully noted. At first the Greek question was evaded or postponed by the Emperor Alexander. But though Canning was not authorized to treat about it, but only to get at facts and opinions, he fairly broke down the reserve of Nesselrode, extorted valuable information, and must have left both master and servant convinced that they had to deal with a statesman of varied and wide experience and a mind of singular discernment, tenacity, and strength.

Shortly after Canning's departure from St. Petersburg and his return to the Porte the Janissaries were massacred by the order of the Sultan. A graphic account is given in the Memoirs of a deed which, however shocking to English notions, was in exact accordance with Oriental precedents. These modern Praetorian guards had become "the masters of the Government, the butchers of their sovereigns, and a source of terror to all but the enemies of their country." Navarino followed; the representatives of England, France, and Russia had to leave Constantinople; and then came the Conference at Poros and the liberation of Greece. The first volume ends with a record of perhaps the only censure which Canning ever received during his whole career. Lord Aberdeen, who was then at the Foreign Office, disapproved of the blockade of Candia by the allied squadrons. Canning justified it on the ground of the discretion which should always be left with the authority on the spot. The dispute ended by the temporary supercession of the stronger man, and the deputation of Sir R. Gordon in his stead. But Canning was in some measure compensated by the Grand Cross of the Bath, and three years afterwards, under a far stronger chief at the Foreign Office, he returned to the East, and wrung from the Sultan his signature to a Convention which gave to Greece a new and extended frontier, and settled this question for nearly half a century more.

It will be news to a good many readers that between Navarino and the event just alluded to Canning sat in Parliament for Old

* *The Life of the Right Honourable Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, K.G., G.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., &c. &c., from his Memoirs and Private and Official Papers.* By Stanley Lane-Poole. With three Portraits. 2 vols. London and New York: Longmans & Co. 1888.

Sarum and Stockbridge. It is curious that during his diplomatic career he was constantly hankering after Parliamentary distinction. To say the truth, his talents were not such as would command success in debate. His powers of speaking would probably have improved by practice, but he was not suited for party warfare. He was far too independent and too imperious, and the man who baffled Continental statesmen by his rigid honesty and wrung concessions from Turks by his force of character, was out of place in the strife of parties and the war of tongues. Fortunately for England he soon returned to situations where he was called on not only to talk but to act. Nearly the whole of the second volume is occupied with the momentous events which took place in the East between the accession of Abdul Mejid, as successor to Mahmud, and the Crimean war. There is, indeed, a short episode of a mission to Madrid, where Canning was not favourably impressed by politicians or matadors. He refused the permanent appointments of Ambassador to the Spanish Court, the Vice-royalty of Canada, and the Treasurership of the Queen's Household, and it seemed as if the Elchi was about to settle down into a quiet country gentleman or a mute member of Parliament, when his claims to high employment were recognized by Sir Robert Peel. By a grim irony it fell to Lord Aberdeen to offer the Embassy at Constantinople to the very man whom he had censured for his conduct during the Greek negotiations.

Mr. Lane-Poole assumes on the part of his readers a tolerable acquaintance with the military and other operations of the years 1854-5. But not the less will the most instructed of them derive advantage from the clear light which this biography sheds on all the diplomatic mazes of that eventful time; on the eleven different schemes proposed for pacification; on the Vienna Note and the Turkish Protests, on the warlike zeal of the French, on the military capacities of the Ottoman, on the stealthy measures and well-considered advances of the Czar, on the contradictory orders regarding the fleet, and on the momentous question of "Emperor, Ottoman, which should win?" In all this correspondence Canning towers like a giant far above Sultan and soldier, prince and peer. If war could have been averted, even after the invasion of the Principalities, it would have been by his voice and by his right hand, in spite of Sinope and the fanatic zeal of the Turks; and he himself might have said:—

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent.

When our forces had taken the field Canning was as thoughtful in administration, as fertile in resource, as indefatigable in the management of complicated details, as he had been wise and weighty in diplomacy and debate. His physical powers, luckily, were quite equal to the demand. The commissariat called for supplies. Hospitals were needed for the sick. Demands for bedding, stoves, medicines, steamers, furniture, and workers of all sorts, poured in on the Ambassador and his staff. He was at work, not only all day but half the night besides, writing to Lord Raglan, appropriating the Sultan's summer-houses for the relief of the troops, meeting the requirements of Miss Nightingale, vainly endeavouring to make good administrators out of a rough admiral and an obstructive doctor, penning a despatch to Lord Clarendon, and at the end of twenty-four hours of work saying a few words of comfort to his wife or dashing off a note to a friend. When peace was concluded, and the curtain dropped on the Eastern drama, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the Treaty of Paris was accompanied by the famous Hatt-i-Humayun for the object he had long fought for, the internal reform of the Turkish Empire. We quote the biographer's neat summary of this great measure. After enumerating the pledges of toleration given to men of every creed, he goes on to say:—

The eligibility of all Turkish subjects without distinction to public offices; their admission to the civil and military schools; the acceptance of sworn evidence according to the oaths of the several sects in courts of justice; the reference of all inter-religious causes to mixed tribunals; the reform of the penitentiary and disciplinary systems; the absolute equality of taxation among the different classes of the population without distinction of creed; the abolition of the system of farming the taxes; and various other reforms . . . were all promised in this great charter. Lord Stratford's hand is traceable in every line; these were his reforms either already carried or often pressed upon the Porte; this was the culminating moment in his reforming career and the seal to all his labours on behalf of just and equal government in Turkey.

The weight and dignity of many of these pages is occasionally relieved by lighter topics, such as speeches, verses, notices of scenery, antiquities, and easy and confidential communications to intimate friends and relations. Canning's letters to his wife are full of delicacy and chivalry. The classical scholar comes out in quotations and in some excellent Latin verses. A speech in French at a dinner given in 1846 to a Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt is, for correct diction and grammar, quite equal to any similar delivery by Lord Granville or Lord Lytton. A short poem on the fall of Napoleon called forth the praises of Byron and contains some vigorous passages. It does not prove the Elchi to have been born a poet. But "Buonaparte" would have made a fine Newdigate prize poem, and have been inferior only to Arthur Stanley's "Gypsies." It is ridiculous to censure Lord Stratford, as a well-known Orientalist has thought fit to do, because he did not learn Turkish or Arabic; but amidst all his occupations he found time to help the archaeologist, and the extortion of a Firman for the delivery of what are known as the Budram Lions to Sir C. Newton is one of the lesser triumphs of his diplomacy. At various times Canning knew intimately, or had glimpses of, celebrities of all sorts—Metternich, Talleyrand,

Carroll of Carrolton (who signed the American Declaration of Independence), Byron and his friend the late Lord Broughton, Castlereagh, Simeon and Porson, Silvio Pellico, Hookham Frere, and Walter Scott. Like all kings of men he founded a school of his own. He was well served, though it is admitted that he now and then struck his secretaries and attachés with awe, as he had done Turkish Pashas. He was *celer irasci, tamen ut placabilis esset*. Of his warmth, imperiousness, and generosity there are some amusing anecdotes. His features in the well-known portrait of him by Richmond bear the unmistakable impress of what we term high-breeding and what Anglo-Indians call Jât. Behind that stately demeanour and that noble presence were hidden the firm purpose and the righteous indignation before which the Oriental bows down. A Viscountcy and the Garter were no more than his due. Mr. Lane-Poole's readers will thank him for recalling to their recollection a sermon by Dean Stanley, a graceful sentence of Lord Granville, and a stanza by Lord Tennyson. We should be sorry to think that these tributes did not represent the deep feelings of all patriotic Englishmen for the most successful, the noblest, and the purest Ambassador of his age.

NOVELS.*

THERE is probably no need to say much about the difference, in style and subject, observable between *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.*, and the books by which Mr. Haggard has principally made his reputation. Almost every writer of fiction who attains any vogue is alternately taunted by the baser sort of critics with repeating himself and gravely admonished by the same persons for putting on armour which he has not proved. The precedents are quite as much in favour of as against the practice of divagation. If Scott had not, against his own better judgment, confused and distorted the *donnée* and catastrophe to please printers and publishers, *St. Ronan's Well* would have been one of his best works, as it is certainly not the least good. Judges by no means incompetent have thought very highly of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope's experiments, *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressell*. On the whole, it is perhaps best in such cases (though the demand may seem enormous and exorbitant) to judge things by themselves and not by other things. So judged, *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.*, need not be afraid of the verdict. The V.C.ness and colonelcy of its hero have very little to do with the story. The Colonel is a person of middle age and moderate fortune, with no particular past except distinguished military service and an unhappy love affair in early life, which is rather ingeniously connected with the story later. Retiring to his small estate in very recognizable Norfolk or Suffolk scenery, he meets and falls in love with his neighbour, Ida de la Molle, daughter of a squire of old family and impoverished means, whose estate is heavily dipped. Now on this estate, or rather on part of it which had passed into the possession of Colonel Quaritch's predecessors, there is a tumulus or barrow called Dead Man's Mount, and if the reader is in any doubt after the first few pages what part that tumulus or barrow is going to play at the end of the story he is a much greater fool than, no doubt, Mr. Haggard took him for. The tumulus or barrow comforts us at the darkest point of the fortunes of Ida and Harold. Those fortunes, however, are very properly complicated, and perhaps the complications are more interesting than the fortunes themselves. It is the fate of some novelists, and by no means the worst, to make their minor characters more attractive than their major, and so it is with Mr. Haggard here. Quaritch is a very worthy gentleman, and Ida, though a little bit of a virago, is *très vaillante femme*, and would have played the part of Black Agnes or Charlotte de la Trémouille to admiration. We own, indeed, that we think a girl, at any rate in a book, has no business to marry a man she does not love, either to save her father, or her family, or anything else; but that may be Quixotic. Mr. Haggard has, however, we should think, spent most of his pains, and has certainly achieved most success, with his villains and secondary characters. The Squire is a little wanting in individual distinction. But George, the comic man, is better than the comic men of some other books of Mr. Haggard's, and the quartette upon whose fatal connexions the whole story really turns is a very good quartette. In imagining it and drawing it Mr. Haggard has perhaps made something of an effort to escape from that tyranny of the young person under which he once acknowledged that he groans. The relations of the four are not what a proper moral man can recommend to a friend. Mr. Quest, a sleek and prosperous lawyer to the outward eye, has one beautiful wife, whom he loves, and who is unfaithful to him; another wife, not quite beautiful in any sense, whom he hates, and who hates and blackmails him. This second, or, to be accurate, first wife is very distinctly *folle de son corps* in the gracious modern fashion of the persons who crowd Piccadilly Circus at midnight. Then there is Edward

* *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.* By H. Rider Haggard. 3 vols. London: Longmans. 1888.

The Jewel Reputation. By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. 3 vols. London: Spencer Blackett. 1888.

Miss Hildreth. By A. de Grasse Stevens. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

The Curse of Koshin. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

The Bee-man of Orn. By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

Cossey, an Adonis, a flourishing young man of business, and the heir to a great fortune, who is the lover of Mrs. Quest, and one of the most accomplished "sweeps," from a moral and chivalrous point of view, who have been recently presented in novels. All this is rather grimy; but it is shown with considerable vigour, and the four, as characters, are much above Harold and Ida. Cossey is really very good as a certain kind of lady-killer; the first Mrs. Quest, otherwise the fair Edithia, otherwise Edith Jones, otherwise Mrs. d'Aubigny, otherwise "The Tiger," also has distinct merits; as has her most unwilling successor, Belle, a "good school copy," as condescending art critics say, of one class of Magdalene. The lawyer of the two lives is the most ambitious of all, but, perhaps, not the most completely finished off. Let us add, moreover, that, if the avowed situations and characters of this quartette are more than equivocal, there is nothing in scene or language which the most pudibund editor need edit. The worst that can be said of them is that they leave rather a bad taste in the mouth, and that the loves of Harold and Ida are not quite lofty, insolent, and passionate enough to carry off this flavour. There is considerable reflection of the philosophic kind, which is probably intended to have some such an effect; but here we frankly confess that Mr. Haggard seems to us, as he has seemed to be in similar efforts in his previous books, not quite successful. But the judicious skipper is equal to the emergencies thus created, and it will go hard but he shall light upon good matter at the end of his skipping, wherever it be.

Mrs. Aylmer Gowing has shown some fertility of imagination and a certain command of pathos in *The Jewel Reputation*, which is partly devoted to the excellences of a certain theatrical family in Edinburgh (perhaps rather too closely assimilated to fact in some cases), partly to the respective matrimonial or quasi-matrimonial fortunes of two young women, the daughters respectively of a Free Kirk minister and a belted English earl. The minister's daughter is a little of a simpleton, and the earl's daughter is very much of a tomboy; to which we regret to add that the earl and the minister, in different ways, both "continue," like the people of Paraguay, to be "idiots." The plethora, not so much of incident as of talk about incident, is very amazing. Mrs. Gowing cannot so much as refer to "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" without giving us a short historical essay of a page or two on the circumstances presumed to have originated that ditty. These excursions she makes in a most peculiar style. "Assail the ears of every passing bachelor with a cry of inodorous [*sic*] fish." "Liberty and independence proved sweeter to both than any vain clinging on to the tail of the author of evil as personified in the best circles" (whether this is a kind of dream-memory of the *Inferno* we do not presume to decide). A book in such a lingo as this is hard reading; nor is it made easier by the presence throughout of an impossible kind of evil agency named Timon Thistlecraft, who may be described (incorrectly) as by Fagin out of Sir Giles Overreach. As they would say in Scotland, there are "the bones of" something like a novel of some merit in *The Jewel Reputation*; but style, characters, and nearly everything else would have to be changed in order to clothe those bones with appropriate flesh—a metaphor in which we endeavour at a respectful distance to copy Mrs. Gowing's way of writing.

At an early stage of *Miss Hildreth* we discover the secret which at this moment is puzzling some and grieving others of America's stalwart sons—the secret of the highly injurious preference which America's daughters show, to the discomfiture of the said sons, for the effete English earl, the *crévé* Marquis of frivolous France, and the preposterous princeling of roccoco Rome. Miss Stevens's hero, a pure-blooded American of great talents and every accomplishment, speaks to a lady about "my cynical and fastidious heart." Now our English aristocrats are bad fellows enough, but they don't do *that*. For the rest, Miss Stevens has pitched part of her scene, and, so to speak, still more of her action, in Russia, while the rest lies in the United States. This is fashionable; she doubtless will have the reward which those who defer to fashion deserve and often receive; and she will deserve it very fairly. For our parts, we confess that in a novel everything ending in *ich* acts upon us very much as the Greeks and the Romans acted upon the despairing Frenchman. To have just—but just—escaped from the noble Italian whom the brutal Austrian used to torture for long years (the hapless novel-reader knows their length better than any inmate of Spielberg), and, in the first burst of freedom, to fall into the arms of the heroic Nihilist, is too much—it is too much, at least, for us. But Miss Stevens need not mind that; to be fair to her, Nihilism as such makes no appearance; and others will be grateful to her for the Russian element. Even they, however, may perhaps ask her whether Musset really lived in the fifteenth century? At least he must have done so if he wrote "the sad and bitter reproach" *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Mr. Wingfield has attempted a decidedly curious and interesting experiment in *The Curse of Koshu*, though whether all readers will have the patience to follow out so elaborate a *Japonaiserie* we cannot undertake to say. With its scene laid in fourteenth-century Japan, and its subject consisting in the fall of the great feudal house of Hojo, through pride, cruelty, and other vices, the general scheme may be said to be both a little sombre and a little remote. But, if this initial strangeness be got over, very considerable merits will be perceived in the book. Mr. Wingfield has contrived to inspire with individuality most of his characters; and the reckless No-Kami, chief of the Hojo house; his elder and better, though by Japanese law inferior, brother Sampei;

the haughty and rather icy O'Tei, No-Kami's lawful wife; the *geisha* O'Kiku, her supplanter; the *fainéant* Mikado; the intriguing Daimio Nara, and the rest, are well drawn and cleverly grouped. The most noteworthy effect of the book, however, and probably that effect which Mr. Wingfield most carefully designed, is its resemblance to a series of Japanese pictures. In one instance—the execution scene, where No-Kami has the farmer Koshu and his whole family butchered—the fidelity is rather painful. But in the finale, where the stronghold of the Hojo falls into the hands of its enemies, and the chief perishes by his own hand and with his brother's loyal assistance, the equivalent in words of those complicated and lurid entanglements which are so familiar on "crapes" is achieved with really remarkable skill. Also the book has a moral—that, when you have made up your virtuous mind to murder your left-handed sister-in-law, you should be very careful not to murder the right-handed one by mistake.

Mr. Frank Stockton's *Bee-man of Orn* is a collection of *Märchen*, writ japingly, and of varying value. The title story is not unamusing, but there is rather too much American humour in it. "The Griffin and the Minor Canon" is much better, is perhaps indeed the best as a whole in the book, though some may prefer "The Queen's Museum," in which a royal lady, too anxious for the intellectual welfare of her people, assembles an absolutely complete collection of the Button-holes of the World, and then sends everybody to prison who does not take an interest in it. The circumstances in which a casual Stranger of the orthodox kind substitutes for this a museum, for which people do care, are agreeably imagined, and the adventures in the Robbers' Cave and the Magician's Castle are funny enough. "Christmas before Last" is, perhaps, a little too like a genuine story told by schoolboys for schoolboys; but, then, Mr. Stockton may have meant this effect. There is something of the same merit and of the same drawback in the adventures of the personage in "Prince Hassak's March" who was seventeen prisoners at once, and after a time determined to revolt in a body. But, perhaps, the best fooling is in "The Philopena" (by the way, that is surely an eccentric and unreasonable way of spelling the thing). This is not very good as a whole; but the conduct and language of the Absolute Fool, who is one of the characters, deserve high praise. His complete victory, in virtue of his Absolute Folly, over the great lion Sardon, and the judicious fashion in which he rejects the beautiful Princess whom (of course) he earned by this exploit, have the right touch of sense in nonsense. Elsewhere Mr. Stockton sometimes tries pure nonsense, which, though precious far above rubies, is also far rarer.

THE POPES AND THE HOHENSTAUFEN.*

A CRITIC who was addicted to the practice known in good old English as "fighting a prize" might with an equal heart take either side of the question whether the series of events indicated by the title, *The Popes and the Hohenstaufen*, can properly be called an "Epoch of Church History," according to the general title under which Count Ugo Balzani's book appears. *Ubi papa ibi ecclesia* is perhaps a tolerably safe maxim; but at the same time it must be admitted that the relations, sometimes friendly, more often hostile, between the successors of St. Peter and the brilliant and unfortunate Swabian House were almost wholly and purely political. The difference between the character and aims of Hildebrand and those of Innocent III. or Gregory IX. is reproduced in the different character of the struggle between Pope and Emperor. But it would on the whole be rather an extravagance to dwell on this political character to the extent of banishing the treatment of the struggle from a series devoted to ecclesiastical history, and it was, we think, a good thought of the editor of the series to entrust the subject to Count Balzani, an Italian layman who has few superiors in careful research into the history of his own country, and whose style in English, though with a not disagreeable touch of the exotic here and there, is very clear and pleasant. Much as the countrymen of Gibbon have done to vindicate their right to treat early Italian history, it is almost impossible that an Italian full of the sentiment of patriotism, not only to the disunited Italy of old, but towards the re-united country of to-day, should not take something of a different point of view, at which it cannot but be valuable for Englishmen to place themselves.

Even the merest smatterers in mediæval history are aware of the singular interest of the history of the Hohenstaufen family. If it presents no single scene which attains to the very highest rank pictorially and imaginatively, like the ever-memorable humiliation of Canossa, it is full of the most interesting personalities and the most dramatic revolutions. At least two great, if not lasting, triumphs illustrated the House—the day when the great Frederick held Diet at Roncaglia, and that when his namesake and grandson, in spite of Christian lukewarmness and opposition, gained for the Cross in Palestine its greatest success since the capture of Jerusalem. The half-legendary and gigantic figure of Barbarossa, the union of German and Norman blood, resulting in the still enigmatic character of Frederick II., born out of due time, and understood certainly not by contemporaries, perhaps not fully by posterity, and the final tragedy of Tagliacozzo and

* *The Popes and the Hohenstaufen*. By Ugo Balzani. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

its results—these things, and many others, make up a family history which is perhaps only matched by that of the Stuarts in certain peculiarities, while it is briefer, more concentrated in its dramatic interest, and has the great dramatic merit of ending—as it was, perhaps, the worst fate of the English dynasty not to end—with a final catastrophe. Yet again, over the whole story there is the abiding attraction only belonging to those periods of history which have been treated in the greatest literature, and which is given here by the constant memories of Dante.

Count Balzani has by no means neglected this quasi-romantic side of his history; but he has, on the other hand, not succumbed in the least to the temptations of excess in dallying with it. His first object has evidently been to give a clear and connected account of the transactions referred to in his title. He has done it, of course, distinctly from the Italian side; and, though he is never unfair, his admiration of the great Frederick is clearly chequered by a little dislike of the intrusive Tedesco. But the more and more "Italianate" character of Barbarossa's descendants conciliates him as he goes on. He is something merciful to what he admits to be "the reign and character full of vicissitudes" of Pier delle Vigne's brilliant and ferocious master; and, the French having taken the place of the Germans as intruders, he can spare unqualified compassion for the luckless Conradin. But we must not be understood as meaning that he is ever a partisan—indeed, the preferences which we have indicated are rather hinted than expressed, and are never put in such a way as to affect the judgment of any intelligent reader. An exposition of facts, not an inculcation of opinions, is, as it should be, the evident purpose of the book. Nor would it have been easy to give a better sketch of so full and complicated a period. It might have been a little improved by a fuller use of the good old practice of giving more "characters" or portraits of the principal persons named, and it is possible that here and there Count Balzani assumes a greater acquaintance with precedent and surrounding history, both in Italy and in Europe generally, than some readers of a popular English series may possess. Of positive slips of fact, or phrase, we have noticed very few, though, for instance, we do not quite understand the locating of the singular end of Barbarossa's career "in Seleucia." Is this a misprint or clerical error for "in Cilicia," or does it mean "at" or "near" Seleucia? Probably the latter, according to the usual identification of the "Saleph." The allusion—for it is hardly a distinct reference—to the famous and mythical *Liber de Tribus Impostoribus* might have been fuller and more precise, and in the same way some might desire a more distinct account of the peculiar teaching of Arnold of Brescia. But it is always possible, and rarely useful, to make strictures of this kind on history in little. And that Count Balzani can even under its restrictions make his characters stand out well and clearly is shown among other things by his treatment of Adrian IV. and of the second Frederick. We shall hope that this will not be the last time that he will use his knowledge of Italian history and his power of lively narration in the service and for the instruction of the English reader.

CIBBER'S APOLOGY.*

AN annotated edition of Colley Cibber's famous *Apology* is a natural product of the renewed interest in things histrionic which the last decade has witnessed. Shapeless and discursive as it is, disfigured by inaccuracies and devoid of dates, the *Apology* is none the less a masterpiece. Cibber's claims to consideration were long and fiercely contested, and the pamphlet warfare he provoked is noteworthy, not only for the sharpness of the combats, but for the weight of the ordinance which Cibber's enemies brought to bear. Personal dislikes, which Cibber's coxcombries and affectations were calculated to inspire, were complicated by literary jealousies due to his acceptance of the laureateship and by political rancour attributable to his warm espousal of the Whig side in politics. Almost at the outset of the book Cibber owns that in his youth his conceit won him the dislike of his schoolfellows. The assertive and aggressive vanity he then displayed distinguished him through life. His chosen companions were men above him in station, the beaux and wits whose eccentricities he was accustomed to reproduce on the stage. To his equals and his inferiors he was impertinent and arrogant. His acceptance of the laureateship, in which, however, he succeeded no more distinguished a predecessor than Eusden, set the seal upon his unpopularity with the poets and the writers of the day, and his keen satire of the Jacobites in the *Nonjuror*, an adaptation to the politics of his day of Molière's *Tartuffe*, stirred an amount of political animosity the fiercer that its open utterance was indiscreet and dangerous. The curious result of these conditions was that one of the most vivacious of chroniclers and most brilliant of dramatists ran some apparent risk of being writ down with Dogberry as an ass.

Looked at from the point of view of to-day, an accusation such as this is simply preposterous. Some at least of Cibber's opponents were, however, intellectually his superiors. Against the coarse assaults of Dennis and of *Mist's Weekly Journal* Cibber could defend himself. The fierce and unrelenting hostility of Pope

was, however, a different matter. This Cibber had to face throughout a great portion of his life, and he had besides to bear up against the unconcealed contempt of Johnson, the animosity of Warburton and Theobald—the latter a disappointed candidate for the laureateship—and the bitter irony of Fielding. Very far from insensible to the danger of his position was our author. He had, however, tact enough not directly to cross swords with the more formidable of his antagonists. In his responses to Pope, in particular, he remains, as a rule, upon the defensive, and he is clever enough not to disparage his eager and sullen adversary. A result of this state of affairs was, that the position assigned Cibber in the *Dunciad* was acquiesced in by his own and the following generations. Almost alone among writers of the time Swift did justice to Cibber's genius, owning that he was so satisfied by the *Apology* "that he sat up all night to read it." The elder D'Israeli, in his *Quarrels of Authors*, was the first to do full and public justice to Cibber, and to award him the victory over all his rivals. During the present century the reputation of the *Apology* has grown, and its present position is that of a classic.

A fair number of editions of the *Apology* have been demanded. Mr. Lowe mentions six before the appearance of his own. There were, however, at least seven. Of these, four were issued during the lifetime of the author. The original edition, 1740, 4to., with a portrait of Cibber, is somewhat of a rarity. A second edition in 8vo. was published in the same year. A third edition, also in 8vo., saw the light in 1750, and a fourth, in two volumes, 12mo., in 1756. With this last-named edition were included "The Rise and Progress of the English Theatre," from the preface to the first edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, "A Dialogue on Old Plays and Old Players," otherwise the *Historia Histrionica* of Wright, and "A List of Dramatic Authors and their Works." In 1822 appeared a new edition in 8vo., "With many Critical and Explanatory Notices," by Edmund Bellchambers. An edition in 12mo. was issued by Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot in 1829, and the book was also included in the series of autobiographical reprints of Hunt.

Of these editions the favourite has hitherto been that of Bellchambers, which is indeed a work of some research. The responsibility for what in this is new has been challenged by Jacob Henry Burn, the annotator of Dickens's *Grimaldi*, who claims to have sold to the older Oxberry the notes which, in the title-page, are ascribed to Bellchambers. The particulars of this charge are given by Mr. Lowe, who, however, states that no satisfactory information on the subject is now to be obtained.

As the basis of his text Mr. Lowe has taken the second or octavo edition of 1740, which he has collated with the first edition, the differences, where more than merely verbal, being indicated in footnotes. With the notes of Bellchambers he has dealt in fairly trenchant fashion, omitting those which he judges superfluous and condensing others. An attentive perusal of the very curious pamphlets to which Cibber's work gave rise has supplied him with material for further annotation, and researches in the British Museum, the Records of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and the Cibber Collections in the Forster Library at South Kensington have enabled him to supply dates hitherto unrecorded, and to "give references to documents of great importance in stage history, the very existence of which was before unknown." With these advantages, the new edition may claim an incontestable superiority over its predecessors. Further, and even more important, claims may be put forward in its behalf. Wholly commendable is the arrangement which transfers to the close of the work the biographies which Bellchambers sowed broadcast over his pages. The biographies themselves are corrected in many important respects, as when Mr. Lowe points out that Bellamte, in Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*, is a male character, and not a female, as is supposed by Bellchambers, who, on his own gratuitous assumption, builds up an edifice of error. With the *Apology* Mr. Lowe reprints the *Historia Histrionica* of Wright, including the curious preface, which is omitted from the 1756 edition; a copy of the patent granted to Sir William Davenant, which is spoken of as "one of the most important documents on English stage history"; and Anthony Aston's *Brief Supplement to Colley Cibber, Esq.; his Lives of the late Famous Actors and Actresses*, a work which Mr. Lowe describes as "almost, if not quite, the rarest of theatrical books." He tells, in addition, with some minuteness, the story of Cibber's quarrel with Pope; contributes a supplementary chapter to the *Apology*, noting briefly the chief incidents of theatrical history from the period of Cibber's retirement (1733), at which his history concludes, to that of his death (1757), and appends a list of Cibber's plays and other works, with a bibliography of the literature, chiefly polemical, to which his *Apology* gave rise.

This new matter is clearly of high interest. Especially valuable is the reprint of Aston's "Brief Supplement," of which not more than two copies appear to be traceable. One of these has been used for the purpose of the reprint, and the second is before us. It is a small octavo tract of 24 pages, including the title-page. The opinions it expresses upon actors such as Betterton, Sandford, Cave Underhill, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Sandford, and others bear the impress of truth. From these alone we learn that Betterton "labour'd under ill figure," was "clumsily made," had "a great head and short thick neck, stoop'd in the shoulders, and had fat, short arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach," that "Mr. Dogget was a little lively spract man," and that Jack Verbruggen, a "rough diamond, shows more bright than all the

* *An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber*. Written by Himself. A new edition, with Notes and Supplement. By Robert W. Lowe. 2 vols. London: John C. Nimmo.

artful polish'd brillants (*sic*) that ever sparkled on our stage." To him, also, we owe the delightful picture of Mrs. Bracegirdle, as "of a lovely height, with dark-brown hair and eyebrows, black, sparkling eyes, and a fresh bluish complexion, and, whenever she exerted herself, had an involuntary flushing in her breast, neck, and face, having continually a cheerful aspect, and a fine set of even white teeth, never making an exit but that she left the audience in an imitation of her pleasant countenance." As observation and description these sentences are worthy of Cibber himself. A promised second part of Aston's "Supplement" appears unfortunately not to have seen the light. Mr. Lowe has been wise in reprinting this *brochure verbatim et literatim*, with its quaint orthography and with its eminently unsavoury concluding anecdote. Not the least important feature in the new *Apology* is a full index. The lover of the stage is indebted to Mr. Lowe for a scholarly and a serviceable book. Mr. Nimmo meanwhile has done his best to render it a bibliographical treasure. The paper and the printing are admirable, and the illustrations render the work a companion to the reprint of Doran's *Their Majesties' Servants*, which we owe to the same source. Twenty-six portraits of Cibber, Betterton, Leigh, and others mentioned in the *Apology* are newly engraved from authentic originals, and a series of etchings by M. Lalauze, which appear as headings to the various chapters, are equally welcome as designs and for the light they throw upon the stage in the early part of the eighteenth century. It is difficult to say whether the book appeals more directly and forcibly to the book-lover or the student of the stage.

AN OLD SALT.*

"I AM not fond to appear in Print; but the Sollicitations of my Friends who had read my Journal, and the mistaken Reports that were spread abroad of our Voyage, prevail'd with me at last to publish it." Such are the modest words with which Captain Woodes Rogers, Master Mariner, prefaces his account of a voyage round the world in the reign of Queen Anne; whilst for a reproduction of the old sailor's narrative, stripped of the tedious detail with which he thought fit to encumber it, we are indebted to Mr. Robert C. Leslie, who has selected this quaint old chronicle from the many similar documents that were plentiful during the last quarter of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth, century. And we think that in such selection Mr. Leslie has shown much wisdom, for although the exploits of Sir Henry Morgan, the butcher of Panama, or the adventures of such freebooting celebrities as Coxon, Sawkins, Sharp, and Davis may contain matter of a more exciting nature, most of them are marred by acts of brutality combined with gross exaggeration, whilst none lend themselves so completely to the requirements of a marine artist as the journal in question, since most of the operations conducted against the Spaniards by Woodes Rogers were purely naval in their character, and the scenes he so quaintly describes afforded full scope for the dual talents of the painter-editor. But there is yet another reason why the narrative of this old ocean free-lance should awaken a responsive chord in the hearts of all Englishmen, since we are indebted indirectly to him for Daniel Defoe's greatest creation, *Robinson Crusoe*, Alexander Selkirk having been taken off the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez by the *Duke* frigate whilst under the command of Captain Rogers. There seems reason to believe that Selkirk personally consulted Defoe on the question of publishing his life and adventures, and the first idea of *Crusoe* was evidently taken from the marooned Scotchman; but the great novelist's fiction could have inflicted no wrong upon the prototype of Robinson, since both Rogers and Edward Cooke had published accounts of Selkirk in 1712 and Sir Richard Steele in 1713, whereas the first edition of *Robinson Crusoe* was not issued until 1719—nearly six years later. Another point of interest in the voyage of Woodes Rogers lies in the fact that its successful conclusion turned the thoughts of Harley, Earl of Oxford, towards the Pacific, and resulted in the formation of the South Sea Company, together with the disasters that marked the close of that giant fraud.

Captain Woodes Rogers was the commander-in-chief of a privateering expedition despatched to the South Seas in the year 1708 by several enterprising merchants of Bristol, at that time a port of the first commercial importance. Two small frigate-built vessels—the *Duke* and *Dutchess*, of 320 and 260 tons respectively—sailed from the Avon in August 1708 with as mixed a company of adventurers as could well be brought together, amongst whom certain avocations natural to the land were translated without scruple to the less stable element. Thus we find that the second in command on board the *Duke* was Captain Thomas Dover, "doctor of phisick," and the first lieutenant of Marines one Hopkins, an apothecary; whilst two lawyers were appointed to discharge the duties of midshipmen. In all the frigate had the surprising number of thirty-six officers, or double the complement usual in a vessel of her size; but the sagacious old sailor takes this precaution to prevent mutinies, "which often happen in long voyages, and that we might have a large provision for a succession of officers in each ship in case of mortality." Of the remainder of the crew their commander says "a third were foreigners; while of Her Majesty's subjects many

were taylors, tinkers, pedlars, fiddlers, and haymakers, with ten boys and one negro; with which mix'd gang we hope to be well manned as soon as they have learnt the use of arms and got their sea-legs"; which, adds the stout old tar, "we doubt not soon to teach 'em and bring 'em to discipline"; and it may here be stated that he fulfilled his prediction, notwithstanding the conflicting elements with which he had to contend. In the difficult art of managing men Woodes Rogers showed marked ability, holding his own with unswerving tenacity where he deemed firmness necessary, but gracefully yielding when concession was inevitable. One of his favourite plans was to transfer any dangerous or obnoxious individual to his consort, receiving one of her men in exchange, and by this judicious course much mischief was avoided; indeed, the tact with which he maintained discipline amongst his motley following is worthy of admiration. Both the *Duke* and *Dutchess* were licensed privateers, each ship holding a commission, or letter of marque, from the Lord High Admiral, Prince George of Denmark, authorizing them to wage war against the French and Spaniards; but as much merchandize as they could possibly carry, in addition to the large quantity of stores and provisions necessary for a long voyage, was crammed into both vessels. In January 1709, after calling at the Canary Islands and St. Vincent, the *Duke* and *Dutchess* rounded Cape Horn; and here the first death on board either vessel is recorded, which bears testimony to their healthy condition. On the last day of January they make the island of Juan Fernandez, and two days later the *Duke's* pinnace, which had been sent ashore, returns "with a man cloth'd in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been left on the island four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling in the ship *Cinque-Ports*. His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who had been master of the *Cinque-Ports*, a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me this was the best man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be mate on board our ship." There is something indescribably ludicrous in thus pouncing down upon the rescued sailor and turning him to immediate account, more particularly since Rogers, after a long and interesting account of Selkirk's sojourn on the island, proceeds to inform us that "at his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language for want of use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offer'd him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and it was some time before he could relish our victuals." Selkirk soon became accustomed to his new surroundings, but, at the same time, lost much of the strength he had possessed when rescued, together with the marvellous agility which had enabled him, bare-footed, to run down and capture the wild goats with which the island abounded. Eleven days from the time of his first sighting Juan Fernandez Rogers put to sea again, making for the coast of Chili in search of Spanish prizes. Several small craft were unlucky enough to fall in his way, and these captures, whenever practicable, he mans and arms for service against the enemy; one of their number, the *Increase*, being converted into a hospital ship for the use of the squadron, and placed under the command of Mr. Selkirk, formerly "absolute Monarch" of Juan Fernandez. It may be mentioned that the pilot on board the *Duke* was no less a man than William Dampier. Rogers mentions him frequently in the earlier portion of his Journal, but his name drops out towards the close. The end of this unfortunate sailor is doubtful. In April 1709 the squadron under Rogers capture and plunder the town of Guayaquil, but, owing to divided counsels, the booty was much smaller than it should have been. Our old salt, who clothes his marauding propensities in a garb of piety—prayers were read, both morning and evening, throughout the cruise—relates that after the capture of the town a boat was sent higher up the river in search of treasure, when the crew find a house where "there were above a dozen handsome, genteel young women, well dress'd and their hair tied with ribbons very neatly, from whom the men got several gold chains, &c., but were otherwise so civil to them that the ladies offer'd to dress 'em victuals and brought 'em a cask of good liquor. This," continues our pious plunderer, "I mention as a proof of our sailors modesty, and out of respect to Mr. Connelly and Mr. Selkirk, the late Governor of Juan Fernandez, who commanded the party; for being young men, I was willing to do 'em this justice, hoping the Fair Sex will make 'em a grateful return when we arrive in Great-Britain." The four years passed in solitude had not extinguished the love of plunder in the "absolute monarch," for he and his brother officer carried off from their fair entertainers gold chains, plate, &c., to the value of over 1,000*l*. Towards the end of 1709 the *Duke* and *Dutchess* fall in with a large Spanish galleon from Manila, and take her after a smart action, in which Rogers is wounded, "the bullet striking away great part of my upper jaw, and several teeth, which dropt down on the deck where I fell." A few days later they intercept another large galleon, of 900 tons burden and 60 guns, against whose sides the wretched little six-pounder popguns of the British ships had no effect, and the chagrined rovers were compelled to let her proceed, after a gallant fight which lasted more than six hours and cost them many lives. Amongst the wounded was Woodes Rogers, who seems attended with unusual ill-luck in these encounters. Finally the *Duke* and *Dutchess* with the captured galleon arrived in England, by way of Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope, and the 14th October, 1710, witnessed the last entry in the old salt's journal:—"This day, at 11 of the clock, we and

* Life aboard a British Privateer in the Time of Queen Anne; being the Journal of Captain Woodes Rogers, Master Mariner. With Notes and Illustrations by Robert C. Leslie. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

our Consort and prize got up to Eriff [Erith], where we came to an anchor, which ends our long and fatiguing voyage." The Government seems to have formed a high estimate of Woodes Rogers's administrative capacity, and in 1718 he was appointed Governor of the Bahamas, then a very hotbed of piracy, with orders to suppress this lawless traffic. Our quondam rover set about this task with such activity that by July 1719 there were only four pirate craft left, and on two of these being taken, and their crews executed, the remainder dispersed, much to the joy of the inhabitants. The captured freebooters reproached Woodes Rogers bitterly, considering that, from his past career, he was little better than themselves, and regarding this abrupt change of front as an unwarrantable "rounding on old pals." Their outspoken opinions on this subject did not, however, save them from the halter. Woodes Rogers died in 1732.

Mr. Leslie has performed his task as editor with great care and much conscientiousness, every remark betraying how congenial the work must have been to such a lover of things nautical. The illustrations are distinctly good, the character of the old frigates, together with their peculiarities of rig, being accurately preserved throughout; but the process by which they are reproduced, while giving great softness, has imparted to them a somewhat blurred and indefinite appearance, which detracts from their merit. In the map of the world, at p. 130, this is especially observable, more particularly when compared with the bold original in Woodes Rogers's Journal. This, however, is but a trifling blemish, and Mr. Leslie is to be congratulated on the production of a volume the contents of which are fully worthy of the artistic exterior which has been bestowed upon it.

THE CHAIRMAN'S ASSISTANT.*

IT is seldom that a book which is not numbered as one of an edition of luxury comes to us in such princely guise as this ludicrous work. It consists of two volumes clearly printed on thick paper, the pages gilt at the top and rough-edged at the side, the serviceable binding and the leather backs of a rich but sedate crimson, with the title beautifully stamped in large and clear gilt letters. The two volumes between them contain 1,267 pages, and though their size is moderate, their specific gravity is enormous. As for the contents of the book, they are neither more nor less than what the title-page sets out, some of the proverbs, maxims, and phrases of all ages, classified subjectively and arranged alphabetically. The only circumstance about them not notified in this description is that they are translated into that version of the English language used by free American citizens resident at Washington, U.S.A.

It is impossible to say how many proverbs, maxims, and phrases Mr. Christy has accumulated; but the average number on a page appears to be somewhere about twenty, and therefore we shall not be far wrong in estimating the total at the respectable figure of 25,340. Some of these are to some extent referred to the sources of their extraction, and others not. Mr. Christy has, however, achieved this total only by being rather liberal in the admission of alternative readings. For instance, No. 15 of the proverbs, maxims, and phrases subjectively classified under the heading "LYING (FALSEHOOD)" is "A lie has short legs—i.e. is soon caught. *Ital. Sp.*" No. 62 is "Lies have short legs. *Ital. Ger.*" We may pause here to remonstrate with Mr. Christy on his inhuman treatment of Lord Tennyson. He credits that unfortunate nobleman with the line "A lie that is half truth is ever the blackest lie," in flagrant contempt of rhyme as well as of metre. But that is by the way. Under the heading "EAGLES" we find "3. Eagles catch na flies.—7. The eagle does not catch (or hunt) flies." Among the fifteen proverbs, maxims, and phrases referring to stones, No. 1, which is credited to the French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch languages, is "A rolling stone gathers no moss." No. 2, which is only Latin, is "A rolling stone gathers no sea-weed. (*Referring to a stone on the sea-shore.*)" No. 8 is Danish, and it says, "Rolling stones gather no moss." On the other hand, Mr. Christy's list is not exhaustive. The 138 proverbs, maxims, and phrases about death, do not include "Stone dead has no fellow." There are fifteen containing the word welcome, five of which begin or go on with "as welcome as," but "As welcome as flowers in May" is not among them. "Tell a lie, and stick to it" does not figure as one of the 101 proverbs, maxims, and phrases about lying.

The main purpose of the work appears to be to lighten the labours of the chairmen at public dinners, who have in the course of the evening to make a large number of little speeches, and to say something neat and appropriate in each of them. It cannot be intended as a book of reference for literary persons, because no references are given that could possibly be of any use. It can hardly be the groundwork of a syncretical history of proverbs, maxims, and phrases, because, judging from the omissions revealed by an examination at random, it must be extremely incomplete. But it is carefully indexed—which will be useful to the chairmen—and it would look well on almost any shelf.

* *Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages, Classified Subjectively and Arranged Alphabetically.* Compiled by Robert Christy. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

THE COMING OF THE FRIARS.*

THE "historic essays" contained in this volume have all appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and excellent magazine articles they were; for, while dealing with serious subjects, and containing a good deal of out-of-the-way information, they are written in a light and jaunty style. Dr. Jessopp has looked up some noteworthy points in East-Anglian history, and presents the results of his work in a fashion as far as possible removed from the dryasdust methods of most local antiquaries. He has read divers Court-rolls, and has made some use of the Institution books of the diocese of Norwich; and, dreary as these documents would have seemed to many an industrious plodder after facts, they were full of life to him, for as he read he remembered that they were concerned with the joys and sorrows of men and women, and he has treated them as telling of matters of human interest. By far the best part of his book is his account of the "Black Death," as it is called in East Anglia. Although the main facts respecting the mortality are generally known, he has brought them home to our minds with new force by the vivid picture which he has drawn of the extent and effects of the plague in a single district. The instances which he gives of Court-rolls broken off abruptly and resumed at a later date in another and evidently unpractised hand, his notices of escheats through failure of heirs, and his investigations into the number of livings which fell vacant during the course of a few months, help us to appreciate the awful devastation which was wrought by the pestilence. And he has done more than collect such notices as these; he has given us several curious illustrations of the different ways in which the pestilence affected the lives of one and another, telling us how a certain Matilda had three husbands in two months, and died herself before the third; how she and other women married without license from their lords, and there was sometimes a difficulty, when one husband succeeded another so quickly, in recovering the fine for this transgression; how here and there an evildoer waxed bold in his wickedness, as did one William Sigge, who stripped the lead off the roof of one of his dead neighbours, and stubbed up the hedge of another; how some tried to escape the payment of their just debts, and how others, like the steward of the "Duke of Lancaster" who had cheated his neighbour in 1343—but surely there was no "Duke of Lancaster" in 1343—were brought to repentance and restored things which they had taken unjustly. The essay which gives its name to the volume is of no particular interest, except as showing that the people of East Anglia, clergy and laity, were foremost in embracing the Franciscan movement. "Village Life Six Hundred Years Ago" is a lecture delivered before a rural audience; it is very pleasant and lively reading, and we do not wonder that Dr. Jessopp's hearers listened to it "with great attention." Reviews are seldom worth reprinting, and the "Building of a University," a review of Mr. J. W. Clark's learned and sumptuous edition of Willis's *Architectural History of Cambridge*, is not an exception to this general rule.

While, however, these essays contain much which we can conscientiously praise, they make up in their collected form a decidedly irritating book. Dr. Jessopp indulges in many eccentricities and ebullitions which, we are bound in charity to believe, are merely affected in order to stimulate interest in minds surfeited with magazine articles. It pleases him to introduce into his pages now a "Mr. Cadaverous" and now "her Royal Highness," and to lighten his discourses with "Why, where were you born?" with "Didn't he?" asked sarcastically, and other such expressions. He writes in a talkee-talkee strain, constantly addressing his readers with such remarks as, "What; live all your life without a theory? It's as dreary a prospect as living all your life without a baby!" Along with this sort of thing we get a fair amount of tall talk, a notable specimen of which occurs in the story of the "Duke of Lancaster's" steward, through whom, we are told, a "shudder of penitence and remorse had thrilled." We are invited to guess what made the shudder thrill; and Dr. Jessopp, after telling us that it is no use guessing, breaks out with, "Fill up the gaps and tell all the tale, poet with the dreamy eyes, eyes that can pierce the gloom—poet with the mobile lips," and so on. People who like balderdash of this sort can find more of it in these essays, though, perhaps, nothing quite up to the mark of our quotation. On the same page we are told of one Thomas Porter and his wife, who lost all their children by the Plague. After a fancy picture, in which "quivering lips and clouded eyes" are conspicuous, we come upon this remark, supposed to be addressed by Porter to his wife:—"Oh! the desolation and the loneliness. No fault of thine, dear wife, nor mine. It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good!" which is, perhaps, scarcely the language habitually used by peasants in the fourteenth century. And this is in an "historic essay!"

Let us turn to some weightier matters. The first essay on the "Coming of the Friars" ends with a repetition of the trite and utterly misleading comparison between St. Francis and John Wesley, and some remarks on the wisdom of the Roman Church in making use of the one, and the folly of the Church of England in refusing to "have commerce" with the other. The Church of England, we are told, has persecuted, or otherwise behaved ill to, every clergyman from Bishop Peacocke to

* *The Coming of the Friars; and other Historic Essays.* By the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D.D., Rector of Searning. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

Dr. Rowland Williams, "who has been in danger of impressing his personality upon Anglicanism." Does Dr. Jessopp seriously believe that Dr. Williams was in the least likely to "impress his personality," or anything else, upon the Church of England? If any one was foolish enough to feel nervous on that score, his feelings must have been relieved by the crushing answer which Archdeacon Rose made to the unfortunate Essayist. But to return to St. Francis and Wesley; surely Dr. Jessopp must know, though he does not say a word about it here, that one of the vital principles of the Franciscan Order was absolute, unquestioning obedience to the Head on earth of the Church; and, further, that the saint forbade the Brethren to preach in any diocese against the will of the Bishop. What, then, becomes of his parallel between St. Francis and the clergyman who found no place allotted him in the Church of England because his spirit was essentially a spirit which refused to be in subordination to lawfully constituted authority? Some of the remarks in these essays strike us as random and foolish, notably one as to the "little force" which there "had ever been among the rabble of Crusaders," certainly a new way of looking at the early Crusades. A constant striving after effect has led Dr. Jessopp into exaggerations in matter as well as in style. It is simply absurd, for example, to say that men of the class from which the reeves, or mayors, and bailiffs of great trading towns were chosen "hated the monk cordially as a supercilious aristocrat and a Pharisee." The theory, in which there is certainly a grain of truth, that the monks of the twelfth century were an aristocratic body, is defended by a quotation from the Assize of Clarendon, which, we are told, forbids them to admit the *minutus populus* into their houses. In the first place, however, the "rich burgher" did not belong to the *minutus populus*, whom he scorned and oppressed; and, further, if Dr. Jessopp had taken the trouble to read the whole of the article to which he refers, he would have seen that it has nothing to do with the matter; it is simply a police provision forbidding monks—the prohibition makes rather against the aristocratic theory than for it—to receive mean people into their houses without inquiry into character. His eye was evidently caught by half the sentence, and he apparently cared nothing for accuracy so long as he could be entertaining and picturesque. And this brings us to what is, after all, the most serious defect in his essays. We cannot test his accuracy when he tells about entries in Court-rolls and other such documents, and it is therefore specially unfortunate that, in matters as to which he can be brought to judgment, he should give repeated proofs of an unscholarly and inaccurate habit of mind. We find him talking of "Belgium" in the thirteenth century, as though he had never heard of any arrangement of the map of Europe earlier than 1830; in the same century he speaks of "corporate towns," discoursing about them so airily that an ordinary reader would naturally believe that he really knew all about the history of English boroughs; while it is almost needless to say that with him the Chancellor is always the "Lord High Chancellor." When he has occasion to mention the priory of Dunstable, he says, "These Dunstable people were not monks, but canons—regular or irregular." This is, perhaps, meant to be smart; it is certainly uncommonly silly. By "irregular" he, no doubt, means secular canons. Does he imagine that secular canons lived in priories? or does he know the difference between them and Austin and other regular canons, who were, of course, not very different from monks? Remembering the blunders on this subject in the volume which he recently edited for the Camden Society, and which we reviewed a few weeks ago, we must say that, if he does know anything about these things, he manages to conceal his knowledge under a cloak of flippant ignorance. Speaking of his Camden Society book, we observe that, just as he was puzzled there by the simple phrase *vocandi gratia*, so here he writes "attachment *per corpora*, whatever that may mean," as though the expression were strange and cryptic; and that, when he finds several alewives fined for breaking the assize of ale—selling *contra assiam*—he thinks that the entry points to "something like a licensing system." So, too, he considers that the words *pro servanda libertate* are a "quaint expression" when applied to the erection of stocks—evidently believing that they refer to the liberty of the subject, not, as even without the document before us we are sure they must do, to the jurisdiction or liberty of a lord. An almost sublime instance of Dr. Jessopp's carelessness and ignorance of general history occurs in his first essay, where he aims at drawing an effective picture of the doings of the "dread Nemesis" which followed the line of Henry II. He tells us that, when John died and was succeeded by his young son, Henry III., the royal House was "smitten even to the verge of extinction." As it happens, John left four other children; a son not unknown to fame—to wit, Richard of Cornwall, afterwards King of the Romans, and three daughters. But the "Nemesis" had been at work among collaterals. John's "only remaining nephew" was, we are told, "Otho, Emperor of Germany"; we commend Dr. Jessopp to the tender mercies of Professor Freeman. Again, we have heard something of an elder brother of Otto IV., Henry of Saxony, who certainly "remained" until 1227, of Henry I. of Castile, and of Raymond VII. of Toulouse, whom Joanna, John's youngest sister, bore to her second husband, Count Raymond VI. And how about John's nieces? "His only surviving niece"—can Dr. Jessopp say which of his nieces died before him?—"was consort of Louis VIII. of France." Was not Eleanor of Brittany, who died at Bristol in 1240, a

sister of Arthur? And had Blanche of Castile no sisters? We will not trouble to enumerate them, but a writer of "Historic Essays" ought surely to have known at least the name of that famous lady Berengaria, Queen of Alfonso IX. of Leon, the heroic regent of Castile, who brought about the union of Castile and Leon. The line of Henry II. was not quite so nearly extinguished in 1216 as Dr. Jessopp imagines. But, of course, things of this sort are trifles to a picturesque writer who wants to talk about a "Nemesis." The Doctor must, however, learn to be ordinarily accurate in what he says on matters of general history before he can expect us to place implicit confidence in his reports as to the contents of manuscripts which lie beyond our reach.

ARGOT AND SLANG.*

THE new edition of *Argot and Slang*, M. Barrère's dictionary of slang French words translated into their corresponding English ones, shows how considerably interest in this subject has grown since Mr. J. C. Hotten published his first dictionary in 1859, and followed up the success of that work next year, not only by a second edition, but by the publication of the translation of the "Liber Vagatorum." Despised in the last century and in the beginning of the present, slang has of late claimed and obtained more perhaps than its legitimate place, appealing, as it does, both to the philologist and the schoolboy, as well as to the "idle creature, doing worse than nothing under pretence of reading," as Carlyle denominates a large portion of the public; who prefer to take their literary pabulum plentifully spiced with expressive neologisms. "The fact is not to be ignored," says M. Barrère in his preface, "that the chief works of the so-called Naturalistic school do certainly find their way to this country, where they command a large number of readers. Some of the characters in these productions of modern French fiction belong to the very dregs of society, and possess a language of their own, forcible, picturesque, and graphic. This language sometimes embodies in a single word a whole train of philosophical ideas, and is dashed with a grim humour, with a species of wit which seldom misses the mark. Nor is this language confined to its original inventors. Slang has invaded all classes of society, and is often used for want of terms sufficiently strong or pointed to convey the speaker's real feelings. It seems to be resorted to in order to make up for the shortcomings of a well-balanced and polished tongue, which will not lend itself to exaggeration and violence of utterance. Journalists, artists, politicians, men of fashion, soldiers, even women, talk *argot*, sometimes unawares, and these, as well as the lower classes, are depicted in the Naturalistic novel." Hence the English readers of *L'Assommoir* and other similar works find themselves puzzled at every line with words not to be found in the conventional dictionary, and this is the want which M. Barrère's work is intended to supply.

It may be worth while to consider what the true definition of "slang" may be, as this consideration must constantly have been in the mind of the compiler of a work of this kind. By what criterion did he decide whether a word should be admitted to or excluded from his dictionary? What is slang, and how does it differ from ordinary language? To answer this we may quote Balzac:—

People will perhaps be astonished if we venture to assert that no tongue is more energetic, more picturesque, than the tongue of that subterranean world which, since the birth of capitals grovels in cellars, in sinks of vice, in the lowest stage-floors of societies. For is not the world a theatre? The lowest stage-floor is the ground basement under the stage of an opera-house, where the machinery, the ghosts, the devils, when not in use, are stowed away. Each word of the language recalls a brutal image, either injurious or terrible. . . . Everything is fierce in this idiom. . . . And what poetry! Straw is "*la plume de Beauce*." The word "midnight" is rendered by "*doze plombs crosset*." Does not that make one shudder?

Victor Hugo, after Balzac, has devoted a whole chapter of *Les Misérables* to *argot*, and both these great authors have left little to be said upon the subject. Victor Hugo, dealing with its Protean character, writes:—

Argot, being the idiom of corruption, is quickly corrupted. Besides, as it always seeks secrecy, so soon as it feels itself understood it transforms itself. . . . For this reason *argot* is subject to perpetual transformation, a secret and rapid work which always goes on. It makes more progress in ten years than the regular language in ten centuries.

These last remarks are most true. We have good authority for stating that many of Villon's slang words are not only obsolete, but that no living Frenchman understands their meaning, and the specimens which we find in M. Barrère's introductory chapter of the French and English slang of the last century and the early years of our own strike us as strangely unfamiliar. Here, again, we find another peculiarity of *argot*. It is and it is not a language. It has verbs and nouns, but the interstices are filled up with ordinary French or English. Herein, therefore, it differs from Romany, Yiddish, or the mysterious "Shelter," which we believed to be based upon Old Irish; for all these are the *débris* of real languages, and consequently cannot be altered in order to preserve their cryptic character. One side of slang was illustrated by the burglar Casey in a well-known case of robbery in the City some years ago, who explained in court that the big jemmy with which iron shutters were prised open was

* *Argot and Slang: a new French and English Dictionary*, &c. By Albert Barrère, Officier de l'Instruction Publique. New and revised edition. London: Whittaker & Co.

called "the alderman," adding "It would never do to be talking about crowbars in the street."

There is nothing in the dictionary about gipsies or their language, except the word *romanichel*; we do not even find *foros*, the common Continental gipsy word for a town. The words seldom appear to have a far-fetched derivation, though the curious in such matters may refer to "zig," as an example of a long-descended epithet. Thus the essence of French, as of all slang, seems to lie in metaphor—for instance, "*Abbaye de Monte à Regret*," one of the many expressions for the gallows. In metaphor the tongue is certainly rich; yet we seldom find a picturesque phrase. *Marchand de puces*, the name of the official who serves out bedding to soldiers, is the most amusing with which we have met. In M. Barrère's book we do not find "*laver la tête*," "*bobo*," "*se moucher du (pied) gauche*," a most comic expression for clumsiness; nor yet "*il ne voyait que du feu*," which a friend once suggested, with a good deal more ingenuity than probability, must be a piece of conjurer's slang, meaning that the artist has done his trick so well that the audience only see that he fires the pistol, and do not notice that he has not loaded it with ball. "*Manger de la vache enragée*," and "*jeter le bonnet par-dessus les moulins*," are phrases which we have a right to expect to find explained in a work of this kind, and "*krach*," to our knowledge, is never spelt "*krak*."

Much of the book is of a character which would justify a bookseller in classing it among "*facetie*"; hardly any of its words do not belong to the vocabulary of the prison or the brothel, and the impression which it leaves upon the mind is that argot, in spite of Charles Nodier's eulogy, is a very dreary and a very limited tongue. Sport, that fertile source of English slang, is hardly represented at all. Even Spanish possesses a mine of "argot" in its language of the bull-ring; but the chief source of words which have any traceable origin at all in French argot seems to be Breton. It is curious to see the various meanings of *lapin*. A quotation which we find in this book—not, however, under the head "*lapin*"—has destroyed a cherished theory of ours that the popular comparison of a hero to a rabbit might be an importation from Algeria, and thus might be a far-off echo of "Ole Brer Rabbit"; but, unfortunately, Bonaparte's first Italian campaign took place in 1796, long before the French occupation of Algeria, and the following letter, written by a general of the army of Italy to his commander-in-chief, shows that even in 1796 the rabbit was a synonym for a brave man:—

Citoyen général-en-chef.—Les lapins mangent du pain; pas de pain, pas de lapins; pas de lapins, pas de victoire; ainsi ouvre l'œil n. 1, n. 1, c'est fini.

We here—*con la bocca dolce*—take leave of M. Barrère and his dictionary.

THE ZOO.*

ANY book that is likely to enlarge children's sympathies with the animal kingdom should meet with approval, and the Rev. J. G. Wood's last contribution to that end is worthy of praise. In the form of a visit to the Zoological Gardens he has written a series of chapters dealing with the principal animals on view there; and, though to our mind he has omitted many of the most interesting—such as the snakes, the walrus, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and several others, as well as *all* the birds, deer, fishes, and insects—still it would hardly be fair to expect so much in one little volume. No doubt he has selected those which chiefly attract the small visitors to the Gardens; it is probable that it is to please his child readers that he devotes no less than seven chapters, out of a total of twenty-three, to the Monkey House and its inmates. Of these inmates he has many anecdotes to tell, and many admirable remarks to make, which should help to develop a power of observation and reasoning in any intelligent child—as, for instance, when he calls his young readers' attention to the formation of the monkey's foot, or rather his hind-hands, for a foot proper is not amongst a monkey's possessions, he having no use for it in the eyes of Nature, who created him to lead a life among trees, and has therefore provided him with four hands, wherewith to clasp the branches along which he walks. The growth of hair on the arm of the orang-outan, downwards to the elbow from the shoulder, and upwards to it from the wrist, is also likely to puzzle any child who notices it without the following explanation, given by the author in his characteristically simple style:—

There is nothing in Nature without a reason, and one reason for this curious growth of hair is not difficult to find. When the animal is at rest, it has a habit of crossing its arms, and putting its hands on the opposite shoulders or on the top of its head. Now in Borneo the rain is often exceedingly heavy, and comes down very suddenly. When the orang-outan sits down and folds its arms, as I have described, the arms defend the breast, and the rain runs off the shoulders down the arms, and shoots off the hair at the elbows, just as it shoots off the thatch of a house.

A short chapter on Bats follows after those concerning the monkeys, and then we come to the lion, and are somewhat surprised to learn, on Mr. Wood's authority, that the King of Beasts has not such an exclusively carnal appetite as we had always supposed, but that he also "eats various insects, especially the locust, of which he is exceedingly fond." Vegetable food is also relished by this epicurean quadruped; for he "eats the melons

which grow wild in his own country." It is only his æsthetic sense, we suppose, which restrains him from lunching off butterflies! No such innocent taste, however, can be credited to the tiger or the leopard, though the latter is open to seduction in the form of perfumes, especially lavender-water. A Mrs. Lee is quoted by Mr. Wood as having completely tamed a pet leopard through his love of scents, with which she used to reward him when he had obeyed her. After the Cat Tribe, Mr. Wood passes on to the Dog Tribe, represented chiefly in the Zoo by wolves, foxes, jackals, and hyenas; and many are the anecdotes he gives of the intelligence of the two first. Bears and racoons close the series of animals described. The illustrations of the book are fairly good, but somewhat unequal, not being all by the same hand. Those by Mr. Morgan are undoubtedly the best, and it is a pity to have allowed into the book two such illustrations as the coloured one of dogs which heads the chapter on "The Dog Tribe," and also the other, on p. 84, which, while purporting to represent the head of a grizzly bear, is undeniably a portrait of a common Newfoundland dog. The printing leaves also something to be desired on account of its inequality, many of the pages not being alike in the size of the letters used; while on p. 49 there is a half-column concerning the common cat which should, as printers say, "run on" from the bottom of p. 44. But these are errors which will probably mean nothing to the children who will study Mr. Wood's interesting pages; and a perusal of them should certainly add considerable interest to a subsequent visit to the Zoo.

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.*

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S *Personal Memoirs* contain the record of an honourable military career written in a straightforward, manly, and withal modest style. In his brief preface the General says that his chief difficulty when, "yielding to the solicitations" of friends, he decided to write his Memoirs was to tell what he did himself without, on the one hand, wandering into a general history of the Civil War, or, on the other, giving an exaggerated notion of the importance of his own share in it by keeping too exclusively to his own doings. The difficulty is one which must needs be faced by a divisional commander who wishes to leave memoirs behind him, and General Sheridan has extricated himself from it, on the whole, fairly well. A reader who took his book up with no previous knowledge of the Civil War might be puzzled from time to time to know what was going on; but even he need not be troubled for long if he would only read carefully and use a map. To anybody who has already some knowledge of the general course of the struggle there will be no difficulty in "placing" General Sheridan. For the rest, he helps his reader. Whenever it is necessary to explain what his regiment or division did in a battle, or what he effected with an independent command, he sketches the general operations of the army to which he belonged with quite sufficient fulness. What is more important, not from the literary, but from the historical, point of view, is the accuracy of General Sheridan. No doubt it is necessary to praise him for this quality with reservations, not because we hesitate to believe in his absolute honesty, but because of the universal difficulty of reconciling the details of military movements as given by different witnesses. In the recently published conversations of the Duke of Wellington with Earl Stanhope, the Duke is found declaring that he had no recollection of an incident in the battle of Talavera recorded by Napier. Yet the incident (the alleged foolish message from Albuquerque, and the Duke's own coolness) must have passed within the knowledge of several witnesses, and nobody ever doubted Napier's honour, whatever they may have thought of his impartiality. It may possibly turn out this or the other officer does not agree with General Sheridan as to a particular movement or position. There are, doubtless, discrepancies between his narrative and passages in the immense mass already written about the Civil War. Whoever has even a slight knowledge of military literature knows that this is inevitable, and does not affect the value of a narrative seriously. The impression left by General Sheridan's book is that his errors, if there are any, are errors of memory, or come from what may be considered unavoidable differences of view. To take an instance of these latter. It is commonly said that when Sheridan assumed command of the cavalry in the army of the Potomac, the Confederate horses were worn out, and that he never met "Jeb" Stuart on equal terms. He himself declares, on the contrary, that the army of Northern Virginia had always cherished its horses more carefully than did the Federals. Now it was more than was to be expected of human nature that Sheridan should see that he had only beaten an enemy who was defeated by overwork and short commons already. Besides, he obviously found no want of energy in the Confederate cavalry. Much the same may be said of his comparative estimates of Lee and Grant. Towards the latter he had feelings of personal friendship and military devotion of which no reasonable man will complain in a lieutenant who has been honoured and trusted by his chief. They led him to overestimate his friend and commander, as was only natural. Of Lee he speaks with becoming respect; and, indeed, his tone towards the Confederates is always decent. He calls them rebels, as all his side did; but he neither scolds nor abuses.

* *The Zoo*. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

* *Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, General U.S. Army*. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

It may surprise some readers to find that General Sheridan by no means gives the lion's share of his Memoirs to the Civil War. On the contrary, he seems to dwell with equal pleasure on the memory of his West Point days, his adventures on the Indian frontier, and even his experiences in the European War of 1870-71. He tells them, too, with a by no means despicable faculty for seeing the comic side of things, even at his own expense. His career at West Point was broken by a rustication inflicted for very disorderly conduct towards his cadet-sergeant, William R. Terrill. At the time Sheridan thought he had had hard measure—the quarrel had some resemblance to a passage between Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty and Major O'Quilligan of Walter Butler's regiment—but reflection convinced him that he had been properly punished, and he made it up with Terrill when they were both field officers in the Federal armies in the West. On the Indian frontier he did not find that all was heroic. More than once he has to note that the Volunteers raised to help the regulars in Indian wars swaggered much more than they fought. On one occasion, when campaigning on the Yakima River, he and another officer were cut off with a small detachment from the camp by "a column of alkali dust." They concluded that it contained a body of Indians, and were preparing, not without some nervousness as to the probable result, to cut their way through. "Preparations to charge were begun, however; but, much to our surprise, before they were completed the approaching party halted for a moment, and then commenced to retreat. This calmed the throbbing of our hearts, and with a wild cheer we started in hot pursuit, that continued for about two miles, when to our great relief we discovered that we were driving into Rain's camp a squadron of Nesmith's battalion of Oregon Volunteers that we had mistaken for Indians, and who in turn believed us to be the enemy." The incident may be compared with Ludlow's account of the remarkable conduct of Essex's bodyguard on a certain occasion early in the Civil War. At a later time when serving on the Columbia River Lieutenant Sheridan went to insist on the surrender by the Rogue River Indians of sixteen members of their tribe who had murdered an unsuccessful medicine woman just outside the American post. They were obstinate, and became so violent that he felt for his revolver. He found that one of the Indians had picked it out of his holster. The discovery, as he frankly confesses, induced him to assume a more diplomatic tone, and to beat a retreat as soon as dignity permitted. Some of his adventures were of a more serious kind than this, and his early chapters contain several stories of Indian fighting, or of hardships suffered on the frontier. After the Civil War he returned to his old work; and last year we should have been interested to learn that he met "Buffalo Bill," and found him equal to his reputation. The scout "whose renown has since become world-wide" once rode 350 miles in less than sixty hours for General Sheridan, alone, and through the country of hostile Indians.

General Sheridan's share in the Civil War is well known. He served with credit in the West till he followed General Grant to the army of the Potomac. Then he commanded the Federal cavalry till the end, except for the period during which he was engaged against General Early in the Shenandoah Valley. His devastation of that district is also, unfortunately for his reputation, well known. General Sheridan justifies it on the ground that it was thought necessary to deprive the Confederates of a useful source of supply and a possible base of operations against Washington. But this excuse, which would excuse the devastation of the Palatinate and all the horrors which have been excluded from war by the almost universal consent of civilized nations, is hardly borne out by the evidence. As a matter of fact, it could not have been done till the Confederates were already nearly ruined, and what made it possible also made it unnecessary. We are afraid, for the credit of the Federal Government, that the measure had an even less respectable origin. General Early's advance on Washington, hopeless as it was, had given the politicians a bad scare, and, when he was driven back, they insisted that something ferocious should be done for the future protection of their nerves. Therefore they insisted that their countrymen should be treated much as Louis XIV., to his eternal dishonour, treated the foreign population of the Palatinate—and the King did not act in a reaction from personal terror. If the extremes of absolutism and democracy meet in this case, it is not to the honour of the latter. General Sheridan, who is under no mistake as to the condition of the flurried gentlemen at Washington, would have consulted his honour if he had refused to carry out barbarous orders. At the same time, he undeniably showed energy and ability in the campaign against Early, and is thoroughly justified in pointing out that the great advantage the Confederates possessed in being able to operate in the valley on interior lines compensated for a considerable inferiority in numbers. For the rest, he does not allow that the Confederates were so much inferior in force as their authorities allege. General Sheridan's work as a cavalry leader in the Army of the Potomac was much more to his credit. Here, at least, he was doing purely military work, and did it well. It may be true that he was only an imitator of "Jeb" Stuart, and that the best days of the Virginian cavalry were over; but, if so, he was an able pupil, and it may be laid down as a rule that the best days of armies are always over before they are beaten. In any case, General Sheridan has the credit of having seen what could be done with the Federal cavalry, and of having introduced a much bolder style of fighting with that branch of the Army of the Potomac. The raid in which he defeated and killed "Jeb" Stuart at Yellow

Tavern was well planned and vigorously executed. Again, it may not have been a very extraordinary feat to cut Lee's retreat from Petersburg, but it required intelligence and vigour. Generally speaking, too, however easy a thing may seem to have been after it was done, some credit belongs to the man who did it. The last chapters of General Sheridan's book are given to his reminiscences of the Franco-German War, of which he was an eyewitness. He describes what he saw with spirit, and with some faculty for giving a scene. It does not appear that he was moved to more than a very cool enthusiasm by the feats of the German army. The organizing faculty of Moltke and the thorough workmanship of the German War Office were obviously what impressed him most. For the rest, he says in as many words that what was done was only what ought to have been done by generals commanding a well-disciplined and spirited army of vastly superior numbers. He saw nothing new in their strategy or tactics—nothing but a sound application of well-known rules under easy circumstances. As regards the cavalry, he thought it was somewhat timidly handled, and on this point the general Staff appears from its recent policy to be somewhat of his opinion. His general verdict on the conduct of the war, though less laudatory than has been common with ourselves, may perhaps in the long run be found to be not far from just.

SEA-GULLS AND SPARROWS.*

THE slaughter of wild birds, whether for their plumage, their rarity, or simply for so-called sport, appears to us so cruel and senseless that we are little inclined to criticize the Rev. F. O. Morris's handbook, *The Sea-Gull Shooter*, and can only hope that its author's object may have been obtained, and that it may have done something "towards putting down the grievous cruelties practised on harmless birds." The primary object with which this book appears to have been written was the extension, in the county of York, of the close time under the Wild Birds' Protection Act, from August 1 to September 1; an extension which, in the case of sea-birds, we would gladly see applied to the whole kingdom, as there is no doubt that thousands of young birds yearly die of starvation in their nests, because their parents have been shot, before they are able to fly and fend for themselves. Fashion, no doubt, has much to do with the cruelties practised on these beautiful and harmless birds, and we regret that, after several years of comparative immunity from persecution, birds of all sorts are again largely used for the decoration of women's hats. The man who would shoot sea-birds, especially in the breeding season, for "sport" is not likely to be affected by argument, and we fear that Mr. Morris's facts and figures are wasted upon him, and that nothing less than an extension of the close time under the Act will prevent him from doing his best to exterminate the gulls, guillemots, and other sea-birds wherever they breed in large numbers. While agreeing with Mr. Morris that the shooters, whether for profit or sport, should be prevented if possible from destroying the old birds until the young ones are able to take care of themselves, we are not prepared to go as far as he does and declare that they alone are the cause of the decrease in the number of birds frequenting our coasts in the breeding season; for surely if "many poor families used to earn an honest livelihood in summer by collecting the eggs for sale, which might then be seen brought in in panniers on donkeys, both for food and sale as specimens"; or again, if "it was not a hard day's work to get a thousand eggs a day and to sell them at three a penny," the eggers must bear their share of the responsibility; and, stronger evidence of the mischief they do, we find Mr. Morris's correspondents stating that the "climbers only give up collecting" the eggs in July—the 20th is the date fixed by one, while another states that he had fresh guillemots' eggs brought to him on August 3—after which time "the birds have to sit their eggs," a fact which alone is sufficient to account for the number of helpless young birds to be found when the shooting season begins.

The book contains much that is open to challenge, but we are so thoroughly in sympathy with its objects that, as we began by saying, we have no inclination to be critical. One statement, however, we find which cannot be passed by, and which we imagine will astonish most people—namely, that the *black-headed gulls* return with the puffins and razor-bills, when they "all stay together to rear their young 'silice in nuda.'"

The author's object in *The Sparrow-Shooter* is to prove that the sparrow, so far from being a mischievous and destructive bird, is a benefactor to the human race and should consequently be carefully preserved. Having a very bad case, Mr. Morris is forced by lack of argument to adopt the not uncommon plan of abusing his adversaries, chief among whom he apparently reckons Miss Ormerod, Mr. J. H. Gurney, jun., Mr. Colam, Mr. Tegetmeier, and the late Colonel C. Russell, all of them well known, and as little given to cruel practices as the Rev. F. O. Morris himself. Lack of argument, however, can hardly be said to be sufficient excuse for the following, among other personalities, in which he indulges at the expense of those who do not agree with him:—

Miss Ormerod would have employed her time and feminine talents much

* *The Sea-Gull Shooter*. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A. London: Partridge & Co.

The Sparrow-Shooter. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A. London: Partridge & Co.

better if she had confined herself to the use of her needle in working for some charitable object or other.

Mr. J. H. Gurney, jun., appears to have tied himself to Miss Ormerod's apron-strings, and "solivitur ambulando" does not seem likely to be the motto of his perambulatorings (sic).

Last and least. I have a crow to pick with the Editor, as I suppose he must be called, of the *Animal World*. This person must needs go out of his way to have a fling also at the sparrow. . . . I should like to know, and a good many other persons would like to know too, how much of his pay for his precious editing—"we" and "our," and so forth—is included in the somewhat startling sum of 6,592*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* put down in the Annual Report of the R.S.P.C.A. for 1883, the latest I have, for salaries.

And so on, and so on. After this outburst, writing of "A Mr. Tegetmeier," and stating that "he appears to know nothing about our English sparrow," fall comparatively flat.

Mr. Morris gives as one reason for attaching no importance to the opinions of Miss Ormerod and Mr. Gurney that they "deal in second-hand information"; this objection is certainly a curious one in view of the fact that the matter contained in forty-five of the seventy-two pages of which his book consists is not original.

His arguments, such as they are, in favour of the sparrow are old and well worn, and have been refuted again and again, the purport of them being that the bird is by preference an insect-feeder. He admits, however, that "the sparrow does some harm at times, occasionally much harm, but only exceptionally and very locally," and limits the "period of time when any mischief is really done" to "a month, or about a month, the average time of getting in the harvest in any one district." That this, however, is by no means the limit of the bird's mischief, and that it does harm at other times, is proved by his own witnesses, who charge it with doing damage in gardens by, among other offences, picking off the ends of gooseberry blossoms, destroying the peas, and picking up garden-seeds. Again, one of his witnesses states that, "when the corn begins to harden or get sufficiently formed to enable him [the sparrow] to take it from the chaff, then he is very destructive."

The sparrows at Nurburnholme would appear to be particularly well-mannered; for in no other way can we account for the fact, vouched for by Mr. Morris, that, during the more than thirty years that he has been rector there, they have on two or three occasions only picked off some of the flowers in his garden or endeavoured to take possession of the martins' nests.

Although we are not among those mentioned by Mr. Morris who have been "led away by the senseless remarks" of Miss Ormerod and Mr. J. H. Gurney, jun., we can find nothing in *The Sparrow-Shooter* which in any way alters our opinion, formed after careful study of the bird and its habits, that the sparrow is a most mischievous bird, whose numbers should be ruthlessly thinned.

BRAVE DEEDS.*

COLONEL MARSHMAN'S pictorial interpretation of a certain number of well-known brilliant or heroic episodes in the history of some of our old regiments belongs to that very copious class of works of which the kindest thing that can be said is that they display good intentions. The idea of affording a retrospective view of soldierly characteristics, from the early days of our standing army to the present day, by a selection of stirring achievements in its long roll of honour, is a happy one, and, if adequately carried out, should produce a volume of very real interest. But to bring out to the full the potentialities of such a scheme we should want, in the first place, an artist of much imagination and technical knowledge; and, in the second, a fastidiously precise student of military antiquities, not devoid of at least a modicum of literary discrimination.

Unfortunately, the only point that will bear criticism in Colonel Marshman's somewhat ambitious work is the selection of brave deeds; in other words, the "mother-idea" of his undertaking. The resting-points he has picked out in the panorama of British valour are, for the eighteenth century, the final charge of the 6th Dragoon Guards—the Carabineers—through the Hispano-Bavarian troops on the French Royal-Bombardier at Ramillies; Cholmondeley's Regiment (34th) covering the English retreat at Fontenoy; for the French war the 28th Foot is shown in line, rear rank facing about, and beating off the French attack on front and rear, at Alexandria in 1801. On account of this feat of arms the gallant 28th—Colonel Marshman's old regiment, to which the "Brave Deeds" are inscribed—has become entitled "to the singular distinction of wearing the number on the back of the headdress as well as on the plate in front"; then follow pictures of Norman Ramsay's battery of horse artillery crashing through the French horsemen at Fuentes de Onoro; of the 57th in the act of winning the glorious nickname of "Die-Hards" at Albuera in 1811; of the combined charge of "the Greys" and the 92nd at Waterloo, and that of the Life Guards as they rode down the French Cuirassiers on that day. The Crimea is represented by a back view of our Grenadiers as they roll back the left Vladimir column at the Alma, and, of course, the inevitable "Charge of the Light Brigade." To these nine compositions it might be suggested should have been added a few others—say, some episode of that almost unique feat of arms, the long defence of Gibraltar from 1779 to 1783; our great Canadian exploit, the escalating of the Heights of Abraham by Wolfe's little army, and

one at least of the heroic days of the Mutiny; these would have made the collection more widely representative and completed the conventional dozen. For conventional is the only term which can generally describe Colonel Marshman's artistic efforts; as compositions they might perhaps do fairly well for illustrating boys' books—though even boys' books, nowadays, are expected to show some kind of originality in their illustrations—whilst in point of execution they do not quite come up to the better standard of Christmas cards; much, however, of this inferiority is, it must be owned, due to the inadequate process adopted.

The only interest that pictures of this kind, dealing with events long gone by, and in consequence purely imaginary, can afford, must lie either in original and artistic treatment, or at least in scrupulous and instructive exactness as to details, such as uniforms, accoutrements, tactical "formation," arms, and the wielding thereof, and so forth. It is obvious that a simple representation of a few horsemen in cocked-hats and jack-boots, bearing down a few footmen in fusileer caps, is childish as purporting to delineate the state of affairs at the close of the day of Ramillies, unless it give the spectator the benefit of as much research as the picture is capable of encompassing.

With reference to this particular battle as represented by Colonel Marshman there is a curious number of exceptions to take. In the first place, at no period of their existence were the 6th D.G.'s—nor, for that matter, any other cavalry regiment—armed with slender *Court*-swords, but rather, as a liner of would-be historical pictures should know, with heavy basket-hilted sabres, bayonets, and carbines. Again, the royal escutcheon displayed on the Carabineers' standard does not show the correct quartering of the Stuart arms previous to 1707; nor were the colours of the Royal-Bombardier, captured by our men on that memorable day, anything like "Bendy" (tinctures unknown), "a cross argent charged with one fleur-de-lys" (presumably or), in the face of one of the leading principles of blazonry. The Royal-Bombardier themselves, we are prepared to vouch, did not wear in action a knapsack of the modern calf-skin "Swiss" pattern; nor were their side-arms the short hanger known in later days in the French service as "briquet," a weapon of essentially German origin, being a modification for military purposes of the popular and cheaply manufactured scythe-knife or *düsack*.

The retreat of the Anglo-Hanoverian forces on May 11, 1745, did not take place through, or indeed in any way near, the village of Fontenoy itself, and therefore the tall, flaming houses which form a picturesque frame to the heroic rear-guard action, as depicted by Colonel Marshman, are, unfortunately, out of place. The other battle scenes, as the dates become more modern, are less glaringly inaccurate; it is true, however, that most of them are conveniently shrouded in smoke. One of the most realistic is the interpretation of the "Die-Hard" tradition at Albuera. But, as a rule, Colonel Marshman's imagination is decidedly poor, the lowest depth being reached in his attempt to convey, by means of a back view of a very regular line of white-edged coat-tails, framed in smoke as usual, an idea of the Guards' charge at the Alma.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIZATION.*

THE teaching of history by means of romance is not, as a rule, profitable either for study or amusement. Mr. Gordon's book is, however, fairly entitled to be considered an exception to the rule. It gives the history of the disastrous attempt made by the Dutch East India Company in 1628 to colonize New Holland, or, as we now say, Australia—and of the bad end it came to in Houtman's Abrolhos—the barren islands and reefs to the south of what is now called the Murchison river. All the ships except the *Batavia* were lost in a tornado, and she was cast away in the night on the Abrolhos. The crew and passengers were mostly saved; but when they got on shore they began fighting among themselves, and the enterprise ended in a hideous welter of murder and drunkenness. The story is sufficiently dramatic, and Mr. Gordon tells it in the form of fiction with admirable spirit. Now and then one meets a phrase which opens the eye of wonder a little, as when, for instance, we are told that a certain Dutch squadron was "beating out of the Zuyder Zee before a brisk norther." Ships do not beat out before the wind, but against it. Mr. Gordon would also do well on another occasion to be more sparing of reflections on the philosophy of history, also to restrain a natural tendency to be frisky in the wrong place, also not to indulge in such nonsense as he talks about Columbus (where no mention of the greatest of discoverers was needed at all), also to beware of making himself look silly by sneers at such men as Mercator. But if a friendly pen had been run through a few errors of this kind, there would have been no fault to find with Mr. Gordon's book. The story flows smoothly, and is excellently worked up to its climax. It hurries along to its end, and yet never becomes gasping. Moreover, it is carried on by very conceivable personages. Indeed, Mr. Gordon must possess in no mean degree the imagination required to write an historical romance—the power to realize the past, to deduct from an old narrative the character of the men who figure in it. His personages are all alive. Pelsart, the admiral, is a brisk

* *Brave Deeds*. Collected and Illustrated by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Marshman. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1888.

* *The Captain-General; being the Story of the Attempt of the Dutch to Colonize New Holland*. By W. J. Gordon. London and New York: Warne & Co. 1888.

little figure—a plucky resourceful Dutch seaman, who was very worthy to have succeeded better than he did. The account of his nerve in the great storm, of his courageous conduct during the wreck, of his departure in search of water, of his voyage in an open boat to Java, of his return in another ship at the critical moment, and of the excellent swift justice he executed on the Abrolhos, is capital reading. The Captain-General himself, Jerome Cornelis, the mutineer who stirred up the mutiny among the shipwrecked people, and was directly responsible for the massacres which followed, is not less praiseworthy. Around these two move quite a little world of possible people, good and bad—Heyndricks, the steward, the soldier Hays, Zeevanck the sailor, a species of Salvation Yeo gone to the Devil, and a half score of others of less note. All their doings are told in a lively style, interspersed here and there with snatches of more than passable sea-song. Finally, Mr. Gordon is to be praised for always stopping his picture of the massacre and the drunkenness in his story short of the point where they would have become disgusting. The book would be a good present to give a boy—though it is no mere boy's book. He would enjoy the adventures, and would also learn something about the good and the bad in the character of our friends the Dutch. With all their stolid courage and enterprise, and sound, though slow, seamanship, they were, at their best, capable of falling into beastly rages, and of hideous massacres in drunken wrath, such as have never disgraced us at our worst. Even the much-abused Spaniard, cruel as he was, never sank to the depths of filthy brutality the Dutch have touched. After all, the Spaniard was sober in the proper sense of the word—he carried his liquor like a gentleman; he could be a tiger, but was never a pig.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VIII.

ONE of the best of Christmas presents is the new volume of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.), both for the high quality of its illustrations and the interest and diversity of the literary contents. Not since this old-established periodical was reorganized in a new series for the benefit of the great public now alive to the claims and vitality of art has the year's issue appeared so full of attraction. The reproductions of paintings and drawings by line-engraving, by etching, and by facsimile process are all representative of these various branches of the reproductive arts, and in each section there are examples of first-rate technical attainment. To make a selection from the etchings, no three specimens could well exhibit greater individuality of style than the "Stirling Castle" of Mr. MacWhirter, the "Trafalgar Square" of M. Brunet-Debaines—with its magical effect of transfiguration—and M. Massé's beautiful rendering of Mr. Orchardson's "Hard Hit," which forms the frontispiece. Well illustrated, also, are the descriptive or critical articles—from the jottings and sketches of "A Foreign Artist and Author," the interesting "Notes" on Japanese art by Mr. Marcus Huish, and the papers on current exhibitions, to the essays on Barye by Mr. Henley, on M. Henner by Mr. Claude Phillips, on Mr. J. S. Sargent by Mr. Stevenson, on Böcklin by Miss Helen Zimmermann. The Christmas Number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co.) is full of good matter and good illustrations. It opens with a characteristic drawing in red chalk by Mr. C. E. Perugini, and a lively sketch, "La Belle Américaine," by Mr. W. E. Norris. Artistic topography is largely represented, and very pleasantly, by Mr. Grant Allen's "Surrey Farm Houses," with capital drawings by Mr. Biscombe Gardner, and Mr. Owen Allsop's "Ramble through Normandy," in which the reader is conducted by a sympathetic guide through Caen, Rouen, St. Loo, Coutances, Lisieux, and other picturesque places, whose architectural features are admirably portrayed by Mr. Herbert Railton. With Mr. Henry Irving's revival of *Macbeth* close at hand, there is an excellent opportunity in the historical retrospect presented by Messrs. W. Archer and R. W. Lowe's "Macbeth on the Stage." This interesting paper is illustrated by engravings after Harlowe, Zoffany, Dawes, and Romney, by sketches by Mr. George Scharf showing the *mise-en-scène* in Macready's Covent Garden revival, and drawings of Edwin Booth as Macbeth—by Mr. W. E. Hennessey—of Phelps, Macready, Kean and Macklin, among Mr. Irving's predecessors. Miss Sarah Doudney's *Where the Dew Falls in London*—the Christmas Number of the *Sunday Magazine* (Isbister)—is "a story of a sanctuary," the Savoy Chapel Royal the sanctuary, and the chaplain an excellent friend to the heroine of the story when evil days befall. At once and altogether we are interested in the trials and ultimate happiness of Olive Winfield, the poor and pretty heroine. The solitude and sadness of her case when, deserted by her lover, she seeks consolation in the Chapel Royal, are touchingly presented. Equally soothing and timely is the sermon by the Rev. Henry White which Miss Doudney has neatly introduced. Both the sermon and the fiction are excellent. How the pretty and noble-minded Olive could have engaged herself to the disgusting young prig who jilts her appears to us not a little odd. Of course, the explanation is in the story—she loves him—but this only increases the wonder. She has a romantic temperament, and when he quotes what "Smiles says" and revels in *Self-Help*, she responds with George Eliot. He is always talking about his "brains" and what he will do with them. He fears his *fiancée* is growing "delicate" when he

takes her to London. "Fancy a rising man hampered with a sickly wife!" This is a common type of the "young man" of the day, but it has seldom been so amusingly and candidly presented as in Miss Doudney's clever story. *Peter Parley's Annual* (Ben George) has known many mutations since it was first projected for juveniles, some fifty years ago, when boys' books were rather scarce. The dazzling chromos of the last few years have disappeared this season, and the lithographic plates are printed in one tint, and that a neutral. The contents are well varied, as usual, if not especially exhilarating. An Indian yarn, "At School with the Blue Noses," is of the right stuff for schoolboys; and there is plenty of exciting interest in "The Black Bloodhound." Who writes these stories, or who designs these astonishing illustrations, are questions as perplexing as the authorship of the Christmas cracker mottoes in the Bab ballad. The new volume—the seventh—of *Amateur Work, Illustrated* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), is a wonderful miscellany of practical instruction in all branches of mechanics. It is profusely illustrated with drawings and diagrams, and puts one in the way of making all kinds of useful or ornamental articles, from a piano or sideboard to a go-cart and a "smoke-picture." All that is required is the kindly inclination of nature towards such things. If you are constructively bent, you need only practice and perseverance. The directions and information appear to be sound, and intelligibly set forth, so far as we have consulted the book.

A new and revised edition of *Switzerland; its Mountains, Valleys, Lakes, and Rivers* (Virtue & Co.), is a proof of the popularity of pictorial delineation of foreign lands. Photography, of course, is a formidable rival of picture-books of this class; but it is not likely to supplant them when the "cuts" are as good and the text as readable as in this pretty volume. Not much is to be said in favour of *The Story of the Mermaid* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), adapted from Hans Andersen by E. Ashe, and illustrated by Laura Trowbridge. The drawings are weak, and the verses, though fairly fluent, are anything but inspiring. *Tunes for Tots*, by Anne Finch Hatton (Hatchards), is a collection of nursery rhymes, such as all children know, or ought to know, set to simple vocal airs, with accompaniments for the piano. The book should give great delight to children, as the music is pretty, appropriate, and quite easy to play or sing. *Jottings for Juveniles* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) comprises pictures of children and their sports, by Eva Payne, with descriptive verses by R. A. Gillespie. A sound moral is illustrated in the drawing of "Greedy Jim," a terrible young glutton, who is "now so fat and was once so slim." Studies of children from strongly contrasted points of view are presented in Mrs. Molesworth's delightful budget of short stories, *A Christmas Posy*, illustrated by Walter Crane (Macmillan & Co.), and *When I'm a Man*, by Alice Weber, illustrated by W. H. C. Groome (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Fresh, charming, and natural are Mrs. Molesworth's stories of children and their ways. From the literary standpoint, it would be unjust to call them studies. They have the bright incisiveness of sketches artistically developed to the most effective limits of suggestion. "My Pink Pet" and "The Six Poor Little Princesses" are exquisitely conceived. *When I'm a Man* is a well-written and interesting story, so far as its development goes, but the study of the boy hero, "little Saint Christopher," is marred by touches that tell of the studio rather than the spirit of nature. For a boy of eight years, Chris, is a good deal incredible both in speech and in the mental problems that visit him. The people who have him in charge give him plenty of foolish encouragement, instead of the wholesome discipline he required. From Messrs. Skeffington & Son we have a fifth edition of *Carols from the Children's Service Book*, edited by the Rev. M. Woodward, with accompaniments selected and arranged by the Rev. C. J. Ridsdale. This little collection of old English, French, and German carols deserves to be widely known in schools.

In *Harold the Boy-Earl* (Religious Tract Society) we have a reprint of a story by Mr. J. F. Hodgetts that appeared originally in the *Boy's Own Paper*. The book abounds in lively pictures of the victorious "English" and degraded "Britons," such as accord with the author's racial theory. The English boys in the story are fine, lusty fellows who cause the native "British" to look very small. This kind of *parti pris* treatment of history is well enough in fiction, but it is carried too far when Mr. Hodgetts fills the pauses of his story with dubious historical illustrations of his theory. What can boys be expected to understand when they read of "the Sassenach, or Saxon, as the Kymri called, and still call, the English"? Mr. Hodgetts writes of "Kymri" and "Saxons" as if they were yet definitely existent among us. It is "we, the conquerors of the unfortunate Britons," he says, who have "usurped their name, together with the fair land we won," and talk of our Arthur, our Britain, when we might as well talk of our Napoleon and our France. Mr. Hodgetts would apparently persuade boys who sing "Rule Britannia" and revere the name of Britain to give up such habits, and join in a new chorus with the refrain "Saxon or Norman or Dane are we, but none of us British, whatever we be; but English, you know, just English." *The Floral King*, by Albert Alberg (Allen & Co.), is a life of Linnaeus, that seems to be designed for young people, or, at least, for the non-scientific reader. It contains a good account of the early years of the illustrious botanist, derived from various sources, and is illustrated by capital plates, representing the study of Linnaeus at Hammarby, the Stockholm monument by Professor Kjellberg, and Hoffman's portrait. In the correspondence are several Latin phrases that

ought not to have been left untranslated, and the botanical origin of the name "Tiliander" might have been given. In one letter, for instance, on p. 151, the expression "*Med. Studiosus, Hasselqvist*"—is properly retained, though it is a little absurd to print for English readers "—who entertains some hope that he may be sent to *Terram Sanctam*." *Through the Goal of Ill* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is chiefly remarkable for the inordinate amount of flirtation and wooing in the story, and for the curious circumstance that the name of the author appears only on the cover. *A Week in Arcadia*, by Eleanor Holmes (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a wholesome and interesting story of the fortunes of two sisters, both of whom are sorely tried during their week's sojourn in an Arcadian district in France. The very different characters of these girls are delicately suggested. Jean, the younger of the two, is engaged to a curate in England, and contrives, quite in an Arcadian way of innocence, to enthrall the heart of a reputed woman-hater, while Dorothy suffers much from the thoughtless flirtation of her lover with a pretty and frivolous rival. Both girls pass triumphantly through these ordeals, and all ends happily for them. A lively and picturesque story of the good old days is told in *Starwood Hall* (National Society), by Tom Vickery, a boy who undergoes strange vicissitudes of fortune through the left-handed connexion of an uncle with certain knights of the road. *Susan*, by Amy Walton (Blackie & Son), is an amusing and life-like story of a little girl who thinks she is passing good, as little girls go, and learns from hard experience that she is quite naughty enough. Miss Walton's little heroine, if she may be so called, is painted with excellent fidelity to nature and with refreshing touches of humour. She is no impossible creature with an unrealizable ideal, but a faulty, though attractive, specimen of tender humanity. Mr. Frank Hudson shows himself to be an expert in punning rather than a master of graceful invention and fancy in his fairy tales, *The Origin of Plum Pudding*, &c. (Ward & Downey), illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne. His burlesque, *Othello the Second*, is very thin stuff, and puns are of all forms of ingenuity most alien to the spirit of fairy lore.

Mr. Bayley, of Cockspur Street, has sent us, not a Christmas book, but a Christmas perfume—a new device entitled "Sweet Mace," and very sweet indeed. It has that perfect "concoction," and that absence of coarse and predominating scent, which have always distinguished the best English perfumes, and especially those published by the authors of "Ess. Bouquet."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE excellent collection of "Instructions" to French ambassadors (1) from the Peace of Westphalia to the Revolution has just been enriched by three new volumes, two covering the whole period in Poland, by M. Louis Farges, and one dealing with Rome, and entrusted to M. Gabriel Hanotaux, extending over forty years only. The difference of proportion will be easily understood when it is remembered that the Roman book embraces the period of the curious, and in England we think rather neglected, subject of the "Gallican" struggle between Louis XIV. and the Pope. M. Hanotaux has devoted a clear and excellent introduction of more than a hundred pages to the general history of the subject, and the succeeding text contains the "justifying pieces." These range, of course, from the smallest matters to the highest—from a question of "indults" for this or that benefice to the great *crux* of the Spanish Succession and the validity or invalidity of renunciations. The Polish book has the advantage of a larger and more completed, if less definite, subject. Here, also, there is a considerable introduction, in which M. Farges considers, as his matter entitles him to do, the decadence of Poland from a leading European State to a mere joint on the political table, at which whoso would might cut and cut and come again as he pleased. He has made it more clear than ever that the partition was foreseen, and in a way inevitable, scores and almost hundreds of years before it actually took place. But we are not quite able to say that he is free from partiality to Russia in his account, which freedom, indeed, is hard for a Frenchman nowadays to attain. Russia, he says, was bound to crush Poland or renounce the idea of being a European Power. Precisely; but Russia has crushed Poland, and yet is not a European Power, but only a barbarous one at the gates of Europe.

That industrious deputy and doctor M. de Lanessan (2) has already shown in his book on Tunis how carefully he can collect and arrange the statistical and politico-economical details of a country. A Government mission has permitted him to do the same for French Indo-China, and the result is a mighty volume of some eight hundred pages packed with facts. M. de Lanessan does not spare his countrymen, and tells or quotes some amusing enough stories of French red-tapeism. Thus a hapless Chinese junk was seized, and not released without a fine, because the captain had on board certain letters duly stamped with French stamps, and brought from a place where there was no French post-office. On another occasion, an English steamer having been wrecked on the Tonquin coast, "the Administration" showed its hospitality by demanding not only Customs due on the wreckage

and salvage, but harbour dues for the harbour which the unlucky ship had not reached, and light dues for the lighthouses which existed—on paper.

The last number of the useful *Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des beaux arts* (3) is a volume on Greek architecture by M. Laloux. The subject (beyond its most general outlines) is something of a special one; but the author is a specialist, having, if we mistake not, dealt specially with Olympia. The book is, as is the case with the whole series, carefully and copiously illustrated with examples and diagrams, ground-plans and dimensions being carefully given, as well as elevations and general "views."

No information is accorded beyond the simple "By" on the title-page as to the origin of Mrs. Bell's "twelve tiny plays for children," as they are called (4). They are mostly dramatized variations of well-known stories (the "Three Wishes" appears in two different forms), dialogues between cats and dogs, and the like. "La bavarde" would be effective enough with a good little actress for the talkative damsel; and, indeed, almost all are brightly written.

A weary lot is ours, and we are smitten in the house of our friends. We receive a new book from Gyp (5); we open it with avidity; and we receive the information that Englishmen are all, or, at any rate, are "le plus souvent"—what? Why, "grossiers et ivrognes." If Gyp were a male Gyp, there would be wigs upon the green for this. But, as it happens that we are neither *grossiers* nor *ivrognes*, we shall admit that lovely woman has a right to say what she likes, and shall not unsay one word of our tolerably lavish praises of the author of *Petit Bleu*—a book, by the way, which is somewhat different from her "ordinary." The latter part of it is made up of papers of very much the usual kind; but the first, and title, story, which is much the longest, is quite different. It is the very pathetic history of a kind of "Daughter of Heth," who goes to a convent day school, and is miserable; while a still more fatal misery comes on her from the fact that her beloved uncle and almost only friend (who has heart disease) is nagged to death by his wife. A very lively episode is the fight—a real fight, not with nails, but with fists, feet, and *crocs-en-jambe*—between the heroine, aged thirteen, and the school bully, Louise de Monvel, three years older. It is a really spirited rally.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

UNDER the plain and pithy title *Pen and Ink* (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Brander Matthews has collected certain "papers on subjects of more or less importance" contributed originally to various English and American magazines and reviews. These essays are now shaped to an attractive form, with a prelude in verse by Mr. Andrew Lang and a rhymed epistle by Mr. H. C. Brenner in the way of postscript. Bright, suggestive, and thoughtful, they pleased many when they appeared, and will yield a more general pleasure now they are gathered into a book. Fugitive these critical disquisitions could scarcely be, collected or not. "The True Theory of the Preface," "The Ethics of Plagiarism," and the "Philosophy of the Short Story" treat of themes of permanent interest to bookmen and writers of fiction, and the treatment is decidedly individual and rousing. Mr. Matthews, as a critic, and as a writer of short stories himself, is entitled to be heard on the subject of the "Short Story"; and, both by definition and illustration, his discourse is notable. What the short story is, and what it is not, regarded in a literary form, are matters admirably discussed in *Pen and Ink*. We may all agree that the "Short Story" is not a miniature novel, or a story that is short, without accepting all the illustrations cited by Mr. Matthews. "The Lady or the Tiger?" is a curious example, or variety of the species, to put before us. Mr. Stockton's whimsical sketch is surely no story of any kind whatever. Perhaps, too, it is straining the American theory of the subject to say that the three-volume novel has killed the short story in England. Even in America there are short stories and short stories.

Among several specimens of American fiction issued by Messrs. Belford, Clarke, & Co., of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, we have more than one that suggests the short story ruined by over-elaboration. *What Dreams may Come*, by Frank Lin, sadly wants the "compression" which Mr. Brander Matthews judiciously demands in the short story. It has the "touch of fantasy," beyond a doubt; but in concentration and restraint its deficiencies are deplorable. *His Way and Her Will*, by A. X., might have gained greatly in force and effect by being expressed into half the space. Like most of its companions, its style is feebly recondite, like our own penny novelettes. "Moray laughs loudly, repairing the injury to his expression at once with the customary smoothing of his countenance." Yet more execrable is the style of *Eros*, by Laura Daintrey, and of *Eden*, "an Episode," by Edgar Saltus. The face, figure, and fascinations of hero or heroine occasion much fine writing. In *Eros* the "black lashes" of the young lady's eyes "swept like a *passiflora's* fringe." "Passionately passive" she is said to lie in the arms of an admirer, "silently holding up her face towards his lips as a sunflower holds its fierce gold disk towards the light, insatiably persistent." *Eros* is merely vulgar and tawdry. Mr. Saltus appears to be capable of better things, to judge from *Eden*, the heroine of which

(1) *Recueil des instructions données aux ambassadeurs—Pologne*. Deux tomes. Par L. Farges. Rome. Tome première. Par G. Hanotaux. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *L'Indo-Chine française*. Par J. L. de Lanessan. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *L'architecture grecque*. Par V. Laloux. Paris: Quantin.

(4) *Petit théâtre des enfants*. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. London: Longmans.

(5) *Petit Bleu*. Par Gyp. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

is an interesting and not inartistic study of character. His story, also, is not without powerful touches, though his style is vicious indeed. "He begins well," mused Eden, and a layer of cordiality dropped from her. From the heroine's hair came "an odor of distant oases." "The corners of her mouth were upraised like the ends of a Greek bow." "Evocations of summers" you might observe in her eyes, and on "the lobes of her ears health had placed its token in pink." Florid particularity, as of the auctioneer, could not go beyond the description of Eden's eyes, which were of "that sultry blue which is observable in the ascension of tobacco smoke through a sunbeam."

Marriage and Divorce, by Ap. Richard (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a book on the laws of marriage and divorce professedly written in a sober and conservative spirit; in reality it appears to be put forth in the interests of those who would recklessly "amend" those laws, or are selfishly interested in such amendments as would render restrictions needless. To grant divorce in cases of "actual and confirmed desertion," either of husband or wife, would be to concede a good deal to the enemies of marriage. The writer simply ignores the obvious and inevitable results of this "extension" of divorce. He cites much Scripture to show that polygamy is not an un-Christian practice, and succeeds only in showing that polygamy was common to patriarchal times and the Kings of Judah and Israel.

In *Semblance; and other Poems* (Kegan Paul), Mr. Charles Lusted is much addicted to the use of a Tennysonian stanza which is a pitfall of tediousness in the hands of any but a master. In "Semblance" and in "Equity" it is handled in a bald and tuneless fashion; it is almost absolved of form, as when the poet sings:—

We are not what we seem; we all
Our under-currents have, unknown
To those we meet. We live alone
In thought apart—a mystic wall
Around the chambers of our mind;

and so forth, till we wonder why the commonplace was not clothed in decent prose. The poems of Mr. Frederick George Scott—*The Soul's Quest* (Kegan Paul)—show a seriousness of aim and a becoming reverence in treating high themes. "Evolution" exhibits this pleasing conjunction very favourably. For the rest, the verses of Mr. Scott have but slight lyrical inspiration, although they are for the most part lyrical in form. Mr. J. J. Piatt's last volume—*A Dream of Church Windows*, &c. (Elliot Stock)—is prompted by the domestic muse, and comprises poems consecrate to house and home, in which the influence of Longfellow is perceptible and beneficent on the whole.

The first bi-annual volume of the *Archæological Review*, edited by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme (David Nutt), proves that this new periodical has contrived to set forth, with a good deal of success, those "mutually beneficial bearings of Archæology and Anthropology" to which Mr. E. B. Tylor refers in an admirable note that follows the editorial introduction. The alliance also extends to historical and literary sections, to the former of which Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith contributes two very interesting articles on the York bakers, their ancient ordinary, and the mysteries of their craft.

Kristo Das Pal: a Study, by Nagendra Nath Ghose (Calcutta: Lahiri), is in small measure the biography, and to a far greater extent the eulogy, of a gentleman whose "highest honour"—a place in the Legislative Council of India—was due to certain "accidents"—to wit, "the generosity of a Viceroy" (Lord Ripon), "the sensible action of an Association" (the British Indian), and "the existence of a legislative Bill." Kristo Das Pal was a notable man. His career merited some record. But neither the man nor his work is fitly commemorated by the extravagant tone of his biographer. It is absurd to liken him to a "pinioned eagle" or "a lion in chains," and worse than ridiculous to say that Kristo Das Pal was of "greater value than all our Civil Service," and that he might have been in England "a Gladstone—in the United States an Arthur."

We have received the *Royal Naval Engineer's Note-Book*, by John R. Harvey, Fleet Engineer, R.N., "arranged for the steam branch afloat" (Chatham: Gale & Polden); the *Kalendar of the English Church for 1889* (Church Printing Co.; Rivingtons); *Ripples in the Starlight*, by J. R. Macduff, D.D. (Nisbet); *Sigurd Stenbe*, a dramatic trilogy, from the Norwegian of B. Björnson, by William Morton Payne (Boston and New York: Houghton & Co.); and *The Islanders*, a poem by Edward Kane, new edition (Elliot Stock).

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have received new editions of Charles Kingsley's *Yeast*, and Miss C. M. Yonge's *The Daisy Chain*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—All ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion in the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed direct to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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